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Frederick Wm Wiel. to Wm Walth

A N E C D O T E S

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C H A R A C T E R I S T I C S

O F

FR E D E R I C K T H E G R E A T,

L A T E

K I N G O F P R U S S I A:

Selected and Translated from Eight original Volumes
in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, (collected after
his Death, by a STAFF-OFFICER of the King's
Life-Guard, from several Civil and Military
Officers, of the highest Distinction; lately pub-
lished at BERLIN, by Royal Permission.)

B Y F. A. W.

TRANSLATOR OF

WIELAND'S SYMPATHY OF SOULS.

V O L. II.

Ἐὶφος μὲν τιτρώσκει σῶμα, νοῦν καὶ λόγος.

L O N D O N:

Sold by Mess. EGERTON, Charing-Cross; ROBERT
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A N E C D O T E S
O F
FREDERICK THE GREAT,
Late KING OF PRUSSIA.

WHEN Voltaire was at Berlin, in the good graces of every one, by his extraordinary genius—it happened that an Englishman, who possessed an uncommon strength of memory, was there likewise. The king hearing of it, sent for him, and was very much astonished

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nished and pleased at the proof of this extraordinary talent. A few minutes after, a message was brought from Voltaire, that he wished for the honor of reading one of his new poetical pieces to his majesty. This he readily granted, resolving to have a good joke at the poet's expence. He desired the Englishman to step behind a screen, and be very attentive to what he should hear. Voltaire arrived, and repeated his poem with all the pathos imaginable, in order to ingratiate himself the more in the king's favour: but his majesty remained seemingly quite indifferent; and said, after Voltaire had finished and begged his opinion—
 “ That for some time past, he had found great reason to suspect him of plagiarism; for which daring imposition, he could no longer conceal his displeasure.” Voltaire, amazed at this reproach, assured the king, by all that was sacred, he did not deserve the accusation, which did him great injustice.

justice. " Indeed, replied his majesty, I will immediately convince you of the contrary: the verses you have read are the property of an Englishman, who is the real author of them. Voltaire now defended his cause with greater warmth; and declared with an oath, that the verses were his own. " Well," says the king, turning towards the screen, behind which the Englishman was concealed, " Please to approach, sir, and recite the verses to this gentleman which he pretends to have made." He obeyed; and with a serious air, repeated the poem with perfect exactness. " Now," said the king, " Am I right, or wrong?" " O heavens," cried the enraged Frenchman, " where are your thunder-bolts to crush this villain who appropriates my verses to himself! This is surely the effect of magic, and will turn my brain." Here the king could no longer refrain from bursting into a loud laugh, which finished the enchantment. Vol-

taire was soon reconciled to the royal conjuror; and the Englishman well rewarded for his part in a joke, which afforded his majesty so much entertainment.

On Voltaire's return to France, the king charged him with a letter to his sister, which clearly proves the esteem he entertained for him.

“ Dear sister,

“ He who will have the honor of delivering you this letter, is Mr. de Voltaire, whose fame is so well known every where, and so well established, that all I could say would be superfluous. You may be assured, that the author of the *Henriade*, is an honest man—that the author of *The Temple of Friendship*, knows the real worth of it—that the author of *Newton*, abounds with argument—that the author of twenty tragedies must be a connoisseur of manners, and of mankind—

kind—and, lastly, that he who wrote The Maid of Orleans (the well known Pucelle d'Orleans), unites delicacy and tenderness with the most lively sense and the most ingenious thoughts that can be found in a head replete with humour and judgement. It would be well for you, my dear sister, to enjoy such a combination of talents as they ought to be. I envy Voltaire the entertainment he will find in your company: however, I do not consider myself much. Farewel, amiable sister—favor me always with part of your friendship; and believe that none can remain with higher esteem, and more tenderness, than,

Your ever faithful brother,

FREDERICK."

The forbearance which the king shewed to the faults of his favorite Voltaire, will appear by the following example:

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This famous man, during his stay with his majesty, wrote a little laughable pamphlet, in which, Mr. von Maupertius, president of the academy of sciences at Berlin, was very much ridiculed. The king knew, and laughed at it in private with Voltaire, who, in the composition, even profited by some of the monarch's ideas. But still, he would not have it published, as the honor of an esteemed and valuable man was dear to him. At length, Voltaire, by some ingenuity or other, stole permission from the royal censor, and caused it to be printed at Potsdam. The king considered this trick as an affront, and the whole edition was confiscated and burnt. Frederick saw no longer in Voltaire the philosopher, the great man, and the friend. And Voltaire, on his side, beheld in the royal Frederick, only the passionate monarch, who interested himself too deeply in a literary dispute. The Abbé des Prades
being

being immediately commissioned to demand from Voltaire a letter of apology to Mr. von Maupertius, went to him at Berlin, and made the king's will known: acquainting him at the same time, that in case of a non-compliance, he was charged to report to his majesty every word he should express. His answer was such as might be expected from an enraged Frenchman, who, accustomed to slavery, had received too much indulgence from his present royal master. "And am I to acquaint his majesty with these unpardonable expressions," said the Abbé. "Yes," replied Voltaire; and added many more. Prudent men can always find remedies less severe than punishments. A king, who was only a king, would have made Voltaire sensible of the weight of his dignity—But Frederick laughed heartily on hearing the answer, which was repeated by the Abbé with a trembling voice. The king, not satisfied with hearing

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ing it once, obliged him to repeat it several times: and each repetition encreased his mirth. Wishing, however, again to find in Voltaire the great philosopher, he sent him the order and key, which he wore as lord of the bed-chamber (but which, in his first rage, he had returned as a mark of fervility), together with an invitation to come to Potsdam. This scene gave a fresh proof of his majesty's goodness and indulgence. Voltaire appeared before him, holding the famous piece called Akakia, which was the bone of contention, in his hand; and repeated these words:—"Sire, this is the remainder of the unfortunate work, which deprived me of your majesty's friendship—and immediately threw it into the fire." Now may the reader picture to himself, the king taking all possible means to preserve it from the flames, and Voltaire endeavouring as strenuously to put it still farther into the fire with the tongs. The king

king succeeded at last—he burned his ruffles, but saved the book. Both philosophers laughed, embraced each other, and thus the affair ended.

One day the king sent for his taylor, L***, who came elegantly dressed, told his business to the chamber huffar, and was shewn into a room leading to his majesty's apartment. The taylor placed himself near the door, which was open, put his ruffles, frill, and curls, once more in order; took out his scissars and measure, expecting the command for his approach; but the king, writing at his desk at the upper end of the room, did not seem to observe him. After he had stood a considerable time, he began to hem, and cough, took snuff, scraped his feet—but all in vain: no notice was taken of him. At last, he became quite terrified, sneaked
as

as softly as possible out of the room; and, in this critical situation, asked the chamber huffar's advice. "Go home," says he, and dress yourself in a more suitable manner, "and I warrant the king will see you." Away he ran, threw off his holiday coat, and returned in a proper dress. His majesty seeing him come, from the window, went and met him in a friendly manner: this frightened the poor fellow still more, but he somewhat recovered from his fear on the king's thus addressing him—"Your servant, Mr. Taylor, How do you do? Do you work much?" "O yes, your majesty." "Do you often go to church?" "Twice every sunday." But do you read the bible properly at home?" "Every day a chapter." "That is brave." "Pray, as soon as you go home, do read once over the 8th verse of the 8th chapter of the prophet Daniel." The taylor, overjoyed, hastened from the apartment, communicated the conversation to the chamber

chamber huffar, and vowed, not only to look for the verse immediately, but to have it written in letters of gold for his children and grand children to see, as a proof of the royal favor. The chamber huffar, having a bible at hand, assisted the taylor in looking for the verse ; who shortly read, with shame and horror, the following words : “ *And the he-goat* waxed strong ; and when he was strong, he broke his great horn.*”

One of his majesty's domestics, who used to attend on his person, took it in his head to appear before him in an elegant suit of clothes of the king's favorite colour. He soon found, to his great mortification, he was taken no kind of notice of. At last, he guessed he had given displeasure by his dress ; and therefore appeared

* A taylor is, by way of nick-name in Germany, called a he-goat.--The translation is literal.

peared again in his usual plain clothes. The king then asked him, in a kind manner, "whether he could tell what fool it was, who had been seen in a flesh-coloured coat at Sansfouci for some days past?"

The common actresses, who played the part of maids of honor to the heroines in the operas, prayed the king to allow them, like the other players, an annual salary; since they were not able to live on what they received for their mute characters. His majesty wrote back—"You are mistaken in addressing me: this is a business that concerns *your* emperors and kings; to these you should apply. It is against my principles to meddle with the business of foreign courts."

The nobility of the Churmark once solicited the king to exempt them from
paying

paying the excise duty on rum and brandy. The answer they received was "No,—the use of these does not at all become the nobility.

FREDERICK."

When the king, on his accession to the throne, was installed at Silesia, he preferred, according to ancient custom, several persons to the rank of nobility. A few years after this, one of these ennobled gentlemen rode before the king, in one of his reviewing tours through Silesia, and endeavoured to be noticed by him. At last he succeeded; and his majesty thus accosted him: "Who are you?" "I am one of those on whom you was graciously pleased to confer the rank of nobility, at your royal installation in Silesia." "This first experiment of mine, has turned out but badly," replied the monarch.

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The counsellor of war, ***, obtained this title, for which he had solicited the the king; but in the grant of his petition the following words were added by express command: " This title is conferred upon him, on condition that he never presumes to counsel his majesty in time of war."

In answer to the application of the Newmark clergymen, that their tythes of corn should be delivered in kind as formerly; and not be paid in money, according to the chamber taxes; the king gave the following reply: " The mode now in use shall remain in force. * If an hundred priests resign to day, there will be a thousand offer in their stead tomorrow. The soldier receives bread—the priest ought to nourish himself with heavenly

heavenly manna. Peter and Paul received no tythes: and, in the whole of the new testament, there is not one store-house for the apostles mentioned."

Potsdam, 12th May, 1760.

Potsdam school-house, having been built after the model of cardinal Quirini's palace at Rome, had but one entrance. The inspector and deacon thereof petitioned for a separate entrance to their apartments: when, to their mortification, they received for answer, " There is but one entrance into heaven."

In an interview between the king and emperor, there was a grand dinner, to which all the principal officers were invited. General Laudon wanted to place himself at the lower end of the table,

B

which

which the king perceiving, paid him this elegant compliment—" Pray, general Laudon, be pleased to take your seat here; I had rather have you *near*, than *opposite* to me."

During the king's journey to Silesia, he often slept at a clergyman's house, without ever seeing his landlord. Being once in good humour, he sent for the minister to talk with him.

" How do you do, doctor ?"

" Very bad : please your majesty."

" Well, well, things will be better in the other world."

" Perhaps they may be worse there."

" How am I to understand this ?"

" I will explain myself : if your majesty has time and patience to hear me."

" Pray do, it is my wish you should."

" I have,

“ I have, sire, two daughters, three sons, and only a small parish. Perceiving some genius in the boys, I spared no expence in their education, but sent them to a good school, and afterwards to the university; by which means I have incurred some debts. My children are become very good scholars; yet, being unprovided for, they are of course unable to make me amends for my expences. The parish revenues are rather decreased than augmented—all my future prospects are darkened—the hope of settling my affairs is vanished—I am grown old with grief; and if death should seize me, without my observing the *suum cuique*, and paying my creditors, how dare I hope for a good reception in the other world? And”——

“ Yes, yes, it is certainly a bad affair—’tis plain I shall be obliged to step in as

mediator. What may be the amount of your debts?"

"About 800 dollars."

"If you can prove your sons have learned something, and are fit for my service, they shall be provided for.—I will settle with your creditors, and your salary shall be encreased, since you have educated your children for the good of the country.—But where are your daughters?"

"I always send them to town when your majesty comes here with your suite."

"That is prudent:—let me see them to-morrow."

The next day, his majesty was told that two amiable young ladies were in the antichamber, and would not be refused admittance, insisting they had been sent for. "Oh!" said the king, "they are surely the parson's daughters:—go
and

and fetch me a milliner, and introduce the ladies." The king found them not only handsome and lively, but of fine understandings: he conversed with them sometime—bought them several expensive things—and presented them with money besides. The minister's sons, who produced very good testimonials, were provided for: the daughters soon obtained husbands—and the king boasted, *of having made a parson happy in both worlds.*

His majesty behaved, as it is well known, with a peculiar attention to persons of merit: which he evinced, in his old days, towards Zeithen; and likewise in the year 1746, towards general Forcade, who was then a colonel. In the battle near Soar, he received a wound in the right foot, which obliged him to remain laying on the spot. The king said,

“ He was chiefly indebted to him for the victory,” so ready was he to allow every one his full share of praise. Some time after, in a full court at Berlin, Forcade wished to return thanks, for the repeated favors and grace of his sovereign; but being obliged to lean against the window, from the wound he had received, the king handed him a chair, forced him to sit down—and said, “ My dear colonel von Forcade; a man so brave and worthy as you are, deserves that even a king should wait on him.”

In the year 1757, Forcade commanded at the siege of Breslau, whereby he suffered very much. When the king had taken possession of the city, he wrote to him:—“ My dear lieutenant general von Forcade, I know how much you have suffered during the siege; it is therefore a lucky circumstance for you, that we are

are become so soon masters of the city; for otherwise, you would have gone through much more, without my being able to help or relieve you. Accept my thanks; and as you are the greatest sufferer, the honor shall be entirely your own. Inclosed, I send not only the order of the *Black Eagle*, but also promote you to be vice governor of Breslau. To your eldest son, who is adjutant with me, I have given the vacant grenadier company of Premer, in the regiment of Golz, which he well deserves." After the general's death, his widow received the following royal cabinet mandate:

" Lady Forcade,

" Afflicted with the loss of your deceased husband, and full of compassion for your situation, I could not neglect the first opportunity my illness would permit me, to give a convincing mark of my attachment, by acquainting you,
that

that it is my intention to allow you a pension of 500 dollars, as an acknowledgement for the long and faithful services of your deceased husband—A second pension of 500 dollars, in consideration of the happy fruitfulness of your marriage—And a third pension of 500 dollars, as an assistance towards the education of your family. I have issued the needful orders to the directory general, for the yearly payment of 1500 dollars, as long as you live: and it is with the greatest pleasure I assure you, that every opportunity in which my esteem and benevolence can be testified, will be very agreeable to me.

FREDERICK."

In the year 1759, the king was at one time in such a critical situation, that he had no rest for several nights together: at last, his fatigue was so great, he could
not

not refrain from sleeping. An officer observing this, took care that the guards surrounding his tent should not disturb him. The king soon waked, and asked—for what purpose those pains were taken. The officer having told him, his majesty called him into the tent, and enquired if he had had any thing to eat (for the scarcity of provision at that time he was well acquainted with) which the officer, shrugging up his shoulders answered through delicacy, in the affirmative. The king took a bottle of wine, held it before the candle to see how much there was left in it, and half filling a small glass, he drank it, and pouring the remainder of the bottle into the glass, he gave it the officer with these words: “It is all I have.”

This immortal king frequently exposed his life, so far, that the common soldiers forced him to retreat, when their prayers
had

had no effect. Once they exclaimed to him, on such an occasion—"If your majesty is lost, we are all lost of course." "You are in the right, my boys," answered the king; and turned his horse's head in compliance with their entreaties; but in a few minutes exposed himself to the same dangers.

Frederick William the first, had given strict orders to his gardeners at Charlottenburg, not to suffer the young princes to gather any fruit, lest they might chuse such as were not thoroughly ripe. The head gardener, Krause, at Berlin, observed this order, but secretly provided our hero with the choicest fruit. Some years after, when the king was encamped at Furstenwalde, after the battle of Kunersdorff, this Krause sent him a box of very fine fruit. When it was brought into the tent, his majesty took it himself

— from

from the messenger, and said, seemingly much effected; "What does old Krause remember me still!"

The world will scarcely believe it possible, that the King of Prussia retained so much penetration of genius, as to commit the plan of his conduct to verse, even in the greatest dilemmas. At the time when the grand council of the German empire declared all his electoral dominions, together with the electorship, forfeited; when Haddik threatened to set his metropolis on fire, by which means he extorted enormous contributions from the inhabitants, and the monarch having to apprehend the worst of consequences, he wrote to Voltaire the following lines:

Voltaire dans son hermitage,
 Dans un païs dont l'heritage

Est

Est son antique bonne foi,
 Peut s'adonner en paix, à la vertu du sage,
 Dont Platon nous marque la loi.
 Pour moi, menacé du naufrage,
 Je dois, en affrontant l'orage,
 Penser, vivre, et mourir, en ROI.

Every one knows that Frederick never affected the coldness of the stoic. But, who will not admire such calmness of soul, when all conspired for the involving him in ruin.

After the peace in 1763 was concluded by the present state and cabinet minister, count von Herzberg, the king said to him, " You have concluded the peace in the same manner as I have carried on the war—One against many." —This peace, as also that of Teschen, in 1779, will immortalize this great minister.

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The following is a letter from the king, to the hereditary Prince Leopald von Anhalt Dessau, after the reduction of the city of Glogau.

“ I am under a thousand obligations to you for this great action, which will eternalize your name—my gratitude shall never cease, but add to the friendship I have always entertained for you. Pray give my thanks to prince Charles, and to all our brave officers; and tell them from me, that I shall remember their conduct at this siege all my life; and that they shall be promoted, in preference to all others, whenever opportunity offers.

FREDERICK.”

In another letter from the king to the same prince, dated 11th April, 1741, he gives a circumstantial account of the
battle

battle near Molwitz, where between 1400 and 1500 of his own troops were killed or wounded; but those of the enemy amounted to between 4 and 5000; in the postscript of which he says:—"Your highness's other letter I must answer to-morrow—these two last days I have had neither sleep nor nourishment."

In the battle near Hohenfriedberg, on the 4th June, 1745, major von Chasot distinguished himself so far as to take sixty-six colours and standards. In order to perpetuate the memory of this truly heroic action, the king added to the major's arms a *Black Eagle*, together with these words: "Friedberg sixty-six." How much the king esteemed this officer, is proved by a gracious letter written to his mother in Normandy, and which was accompanied with a gold snuff-box, richly

richly set round with diamonds. "From the merits of your son, you long ago have had a claim to my esteem and attention. The mother of an officer so brave, and so universally beloved, can expect nothing less from me, than all the marks of the sincerest benevolence, &c."

Amongst the great number of generals made prisoners in this battle, there was one called Romen (in English, Roman). The day after the battle, this general being admitted to the royal table, in company with the others, the king said to him: "Since I have beat your army this time, I shall do the same wherever I find it." The general replied: "Hannibal beat the Romans four times, but the fifth time he himself was beaten, which at once put an end to the war." "True," answered the king, with some vivacity,

vivacity, “ but Hannibal did not command Prussians, and had all *Romans* against him.”

A colonel in the king's suite had a large family, and was therefore unable to defray his necessary expences from the emoluments of his place; this obliged him to run in debt, to the amount of 2000 rix dollars, which when he saw no prospect of discharging, he grew very thoughtful. The king hearing of it, sent for him, and said: “ You look always chagrined; pray what is the matter with you? Tell me—good friends should impart their sorrows to one another.” But before the colonel was able to reply, his majesty said: “ I understand you owe 2000 rix dollars.” Then, turning to a table, on which lay different rolls with Frederick d'ors, he took 2000 rix dollars and gave them to the colonel; saying, “ There

“ There is something to pay your debts with.” He then gave him such another sum, with these words: “ Dispose of this in such a manner as not to be obliged to contract any more.”

The widow of a brave officer wrote to his majesty; that she was old, and confined to her bed by the gout, which he must know from experience, to be very painful. Her two daughters being obliged to maintain themselves with their needle, were so weak, as hardly to be able to afford her assistance any longer. If they should die, she also must die with hunger: she therefore prayed his majesty for his gracious help, &c.—She received the following answer:

“ My dear Lady,

“ I heartily pity your poverty and deplorable situation, as also your illness.

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Why

Why did you not make an earlier application? At present there is no pension vacant; but I must assist you for your brave husband's sake, whose loss I very much regret. I shall daily have one dish less on my table; this will annually save 365 rix dollars: the payment of this small sum (with which you must content yourself till a vacancy happens) shall commence on the first of next month; concerning which I have already issued the needful orders.

FREDERICK."

Several Italian noblemen offered their services to the commander of a new raised regiment, and wished to be appointed as officers. They begged the colonel to propose them to the king; which he did, and received the following resolution:

" My

" My dear colonel,

" I like the Italians very much ; and prove it, by the considerable salaries I allow to my opera fingers.* But I cannot help hesitating to appoint them among my troops, in military characters, from their well known natural weakness. According to this sentiment of mine, you will please to dismiss these supplicants as civilly as possible.

FREDERICK."

Sergeant Bratfisch, of the regiment of Braun, had been a long while entertained with promises of a good employ. At last he grew tired, and complained to the king of his hardships. He mentioned in his petition, that a salt inspector's

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place

* The Opera house at Berlin is kept at the king's expence, and any well dressed person is admitted gratis.

place was vacant; but they demanded 2000 rix dollars security, which it was impossible for him to give. His majesty sent this petition to the minister von Werder, accompanied by a cabinet order; which bears the following postscript in the monarch's own hand: " You have served as a soldier yourself—I myself am one to this hour—therefore it is my sincere wish that my fellow soldiers should be provided for.

FREDERICK."

Baron Pollnitz prayed for his dismissal, as first master of the ceremonies, in hopes of marrying a rich lady in one of the cities in the empire. The king dictated this dismissal himself; and in such a form, that it is certainly the only one of its kind existing. It contains in a few words, the whole life of the baron.—
The better to secure the above marriage,
Pollnitz

Pollnitz became a Roman Catholic, for the second or third time: the intended union however, did not succeed; and the baron was left without money, and without friends. In this situation he wrote from Nurnberg, to the king, and prayed to be admitted once more to his former station, and he would willingly profess himself of the reformed religion. His majesty answered: "Whether you are of the reformed, catholic, or lutheran religion, I pay no regard to that—but if you will consent to be circumcised, I am willing to take you once more into my service."

A farmer, called Havenbrook, had a dispute with his neighbour, Martens, respecting a piece of ground; which was decided by a law-suit in favor of the former. Martens, being very much exasperated, drove his cattle, in spite of all warnings, into the others ground; who

sent his son, a young man nineteen years of age, to drive them off. They quarrelled together, and Martens received such violent blows on the head, that he expired the same evening. Young Havenbrook was taken into custody, and condemned to three years imprisonment in the house of correction. When this sentence was laid before the king for his signature, he wrote under it: "Are ye judges, expert and learned counsellors? Ye ought to be ashamed of giving such a sentence, according to the laws of reason and nature. It is my royal will, that Havenbrook be beheaded, and his body buried.

FREDERICK."

In a district of western Prussia, great devastations had been caused by a violent torrent of rain, whereby the fields became quite inundated, and the produce of their labour destroyed. In this situation they
laid

laid their calamities before the king, in a respectful petition; to which he returned this written answer:

“ I have observed your losses—they are derived from heaven.—I will pay them to the last farthing, out of my own purse; and send an honest, judicious person, to examine the damage each of you may have sustained, and to make you amends for the same in ready money. Your gracious king.

FREDERICK.”

When the death of general von Ziethen was reported to the king, by the adjutant of the regiment, he was exceedingly struck with the mournful news; but soon recovering himself, he said, very calmly: “ This stroke I have long expected, and much dreaded: but not to have seen this dear and worthy Ziethen once more; and
not

not to have taken a last farewell of this justly celebrated man, is what I shall always bewail, as much as his regiment will ever regret his loss. In him I am deprived of a father, and a friend; and my royal successors will, I hope, revere his memory in all kingdoms and places, where he has fought for the honor of his country, with so much glory and heroism."

In one of the king's sleepless nights, during an illness, a favourite hussar, who had formerly practiced as a surgeon, had the boldness to say to the monarch, on hearing him repeat his complaints: "Sire, I perceive with no small surprise, that even the most able physician may fail in his art. In my medicine chest is a preparation of such virtue, as not only to promote sleep, but to create an appetite also." The king, smiling, said—
 "What,

“ What, you have a mind to steal upon me, for the title of court physician!”

“ No, fire,” replies the hussar, “ I have not sufficient skill; but it would make me very happy to gain the reputation of doing that, as an unlearned man, which the whole body of learned physicians have consulted together about without effect.” “ Very well,” said the king,

“ this evening I shall make trial of thine arcanum, and see whether you are a prophet of the old or new testament.”

The hussar, accordingly as was agreed, administered his medicine to the king; remained the whole night at his bed side; and saw, with great pleasure, the sound sleep he enjoyed, from which he did not awake till seven in the morning.

“ Well!” said his majesty, “ this may indeed be called sleeping—thou art a brave physician.” He afterwards filled a snuff-box with Frederick d’ors, and presented it to the hussar with the following words:

words: "There, my dear fellow, this is for your attachment to my person.—For your skill you shall receive a separate reward."

The following is an abridgment of his majesty's address to the Pomeranian deputies, in the presence of president von Schoning, in the year 1780:

"Please to come nearer, gentlemen—I will speak with you as your best friend. You have made application to me respecting the institution of a credit society. It is my intention to assist you, for I love the Pomeranians as my brethren; nobody can regard them more than myself. Since they have supported me with their lives and property, both in the field and at home, I must be less than a man, or at least want the heart of one, not to shew my gratitude on this occasion."

(After an affecting pause, he continued)

"In

“ In the first instance, you must furnish me with a document from the county registers, of all your debts, and of all circuits belonging to Pomerania; and the more of you that enter into this association, the better it will be. That done, I shall charge the ministers von Karmer, and von Görne, to regulate this business with you. They have already been employed in a similar affair: thus they are well versed in the business. But you must send your own deputies to Berlin, and make choice of those who are well informed of the situation of the country, as well as those of the circles. The usefulness of this institution will not be perceived at first; but in two or three years time, every thing will unfold itself to the public satisfaction. For my own part, all shall be done to facilitate this enterprise—Money shall not be wanting. It is true, I cannot advance at present, many hundred thousand rix dollars; as, in
time

time of war, all kind of disbursements are large; and the last inundations cost me a great deal. At this time, there lies in Berlin alone, above twelve ton of gold, that cannot be employed, which shall be delivered to you with pleasure, as soon as your bank affair is regulated. The monied men, who chuse to employ their riches, as well as yourselves, will be served on this occasion. In Silesia, where the nobility were almost ruined by the last war, I succoured and recovered them by a similar institution. The same experiment succeeded in the marquisate.— At first I encountered many difficulties, as there were many apprehensive of being put under a kind of restraint, from spending their property and estates at their own pleasure. Those who have ready money may do as they please, no one can hinder them, by this institution. Yet, in respect to landed property, one provincial state is watched by another, in
order

order that private property may not be diminished, or totally destroyed: and this is very useful, it countenances the nobility, which concerns me materially, since I cannot dispense with noblemen in my army. It is true, they cannot, and must not all enter into military service—Some must stay at home to regulate their families; at the same time I want to chuse ministers and presidents among the noblemen: it is the same to me, whether rich or poor, if they possess merit. In such a case, a poor man may grow rich—as for example: von Tauenzien, who had nothing from home, and has accumulated a fortune of 250,000 rix dollars. The late field marshal, Schwerin, has related to me, more than once, that when his father sent him from home to Breslau, in order to seek his fortune there, he gave him one single dollar, and a box on the ear, accompanied with these words:—
 ‘ Never suffer this from any body else.’

And

And to what an exalted situation has this man raised himself through his military talents only! How many have made considerable fortunes by a strict œconomy! as has been often the case in Silesia. In Pomerania, many things might be carried on, after the Silesian method, with great advantage; and particularly by a better regulation of the shepherds, and husbandry in general. Moreover, I will in future, as long as I live, assist the country annually with melioration money; and those who have not yet received the sum appointed for them, shall be paid in course—for the death of Brenkenhoff shall not cause the least alteration. Whether I leave a million, or a million and a half in the treasury, it is all the same; nay, much better, if I can do some good with it during my life time.”

Besides the belles lettres, which the king was master of: his taste and proficiency

ciency in drawing should not escape our notice. He expressed his ideas on paper with such a strength, that he could explain himself to his architects, painters, and other artists, with a few pencil strokes only. It is said, the baron de Knobelsdorf inspired him with a real taste for the works of art. This ingenious nobleman was himself a great artist; and it is well known he went to Italy at the king's expence, in order to make himself acquainted with the greatest curiosities of antiquity collected together in that country. In the king's apartment, lay always the works of Piranesi and Panini open on his table, from which he drew his plans for the buildings that were erected at Berlin and Potsdam. His taste was remarkably new and striking; which is partly proved, by the embellishments of his palaces. Towards the latter part of his life, indeed, he seemed to take pleasure in the destructions of revolving time; and

and spent very little in repairing of buildings, statues, and old paintings. This was, perhaps, considered by him as a philosophical picture of the decay of nature; which he perceived in his own frame. During his reign, he treasured up curiosities and pieces of art, which are to be seen at the palace of Sanssouci, and that adjoining. He purchased the collection of antiques which cardinal Polignak had obtained with great expence and trouble. He likewise bought a vast number of cut stones, which baron de Stosch had collected. He possessed such a number of Watteau's richest pieces, one would imagine he had the whole works of this great artist. The picture gallery contains a treasure of the best masters paintings, which were bought at very high prices. It has been remarked as something extraordinary, that, in one of the apartments at the old palace in Potsdam, there is placed a beautiful piece of Ruben's, representing

presenting the horrors of war. This seems a proof of the king's dislike to it; since this picture was hung in a room where he frequently sat, and where it must catch the eyes of his generals and officers. He did not admire common subjects for painting—choice landscapes, the portraits of great heroes, celebrated virtuosos, favorites of his court and household, &c. were the chief ornaments of his chambers. The celebrated Pesne was much esteemed by the king—he often paid him a visit, and did him the honor of making choice of him, as one of his companions at Rheinsberg. When Pesne drew his picture to send to England, he would not sit for it, but ordered him to come frequently to the palace, to shew what progress he made. On these occasions, he would serve the artist with coffee, and enter into long conversations with him; so well was he satisfied with his performance.

D

King

King Frederick William the first, ordered our hero once to sit before the court painter, Huber, in order to have his likeness, with the rest of the family, which were designed for a present. However unwilling, the prince was obliged to obey his father's commands. He therefore went to Huber, sat down, took his flute from his pocket, played a tune, and got up, saying—"Tell my father I have been sitting," and went away. He seemed to have a dislike against Huber; for, some years after his accession to the throne, the conversation turning on painters, Huber's name was mentioned:—"I do not know him" (said the king), "perhaps he may have painted a gateway after the life."

The king's first instructor on the harpsichord, was the cathedral organist, Heine,

Heine, whom he greatly esteemed as long as he lived. This gentleman had an only son, whom his majesty, on his accession to the throne, for his father's sake, appointed a receiver of the excise in Ruppín: but he was so very careless in his conduct, a deficiency was soon discovered in the monies he was to account for; in consequence of which, he was to be prosecuted. This affair made his father miserable. His attendance was commanded at Potsdam; for which place he set off, full of apprehensions for his son's fate. The king received and conversed with him very graciously; enquired after his health; how music went on; and whether he liked the new operas that were then in representation. Heine replied to all these questions, as well as his fears would permit him; and was at a loss to guess what would be the issue of this conversation. At last, his majesty said—
 “ You have lived to enjoy very little



comfort in your son, but make yourself easy. The man is not qualified to superintend the office he was put in; he shall be employed in a different manner, and so as to keep him honest;"—which was accordingly done. Heine was so much rejoiced at the happy turn of this affair, of which he had apprehended the worst consequences, that when he returned to Mr. Sidow's, the director of sacred music, where he lodged, he pulled off his wig, and dashing it on the ground, exclaimed, in a rapture:—"Such a king never lived—never was seen in this world before."

How much the monarch delighted in music, and how masterly he played on the German flute, we have before mentioned. A certain count, who kept a band for his own entertainment, and could play a little himself, was persuaded by

by his flatterers, that his taste and execution were very great. He therefore frequently expressed his wishes, to have the honor of performing before his majesty. Some waggish courtiers hinted this to the king, adding, that report spoke highly of the count's play. This was sufficient to excite the monarch's curiosity, for he was never inattentive to merit. He therefore invited the count to a private concert; who accordingly came, and began to play his best; at which the king called out—"Well done, dear count—Bravo! Bravo!—Your wishes are explained in a masterly manner, truly."

Baron de Pollnitz, famous for his works, was one of those who possessed the king's favor and confidence: yet this nobleman, destitute neither of knowledge, nor other valuable qualifications, behaved very ungratefully to him.

The two following letters, will fully evince the truth of this assertion.

A letter from his majesty to baron de Pollnitz.

“ I have perused your work, dear baron, with great attention; and being convinced you do not wish to be flattered, you shall have my sentiments without the least reserve. It seems, that you made no agreement with yourself when you began to write: for that part of your work which you have sent me, is the history of my grandfather's life, in a series of letters. In my opinion, history requires a sublime gravity, and should not contain those familiar reflections, which are written in the easy stile of letters: therefore, if you wish to give an account of the two last reigns, you should divide the whole into chapters; consult the archives respecting the negociations; and abridge the description of ceremonies, which comes too near the newspapers.

newspapers. Do not speak above once of the twenty-four trumpets and two kettle-drums.—Reason more on important matters, and leave out all silly trifles.—Confine yourself to the anecdotes that characterize the sovereign, and the manner of thinking at court; and add, now and then, short reflections in an epigrammatic stile. If you are resolved to write in letters, adopt a more serious manner; or that of your ancient memoirs, which seem more fluent and entertaining. I think you should not draw a comparison between my grandfather's ministers and those of Louis XIV. nor between Dankelmann and Colbert; there lies a kind of affectation not very suitable, if the comparisons are all taken from the court of France. In the next place, you accuse Meindres of cunning; which is something extraordinary in a German; and here and there you enter into long uninteresting details, and mention private characters, whom

whom nobody cares for; which I have taken the liberty to point out in the margin, in order that you may draw your pen through them. In short, you must either write with more dignity, and endeavour to enrich your work with sufficient matter, or merely keep to the anecdotes, which you can embellish in your natural stile, which is more lively and agreeable. However, I would not have you pay attention to my judgment, but consult your own friends, who will give you their sentiments.

“ Adieu, dear baron, I wish you health and life: all the rest will be easily redressed and arranged.

FREDERICK.”

The following was written by an unknown hand; nevertheless, signed by the king.

“ In

“ In reply to your letter of the 11th inst. overflowing with protestations of repentance, I answer, that you must confess how much your conduct towards me has been ridiculous, irregular, and even despicable. After having repeatedly shewn you my goodness and protection, particularly in bestowing on you the sum of 6000 rix dollars, to preserve you from ruin, by discharging your debts, you very inconsiderately resolved to quit my service without any reason, though with unparalleled impudence. Such striking ingratitude should teach me how to pardon a man, who has sufficiently shewn that his pretended learning will never be adorned with uprightness, fidelity, and acknowledgement. Were I to act according to the rules of justice and reason, I should forsake you entirely, and leave you to extricate yourself from the disagreeable consequences of your own folly; but since mother nature, in spite of your understanding,

standing, has denied you the necessary judgment to lead an unblemished life, which, perhaps, she may never allow you : I have resolved to pardon you once more, take you into my favor, and forget all that is past, if you are willing to submit sincerely to the following conditions :

1. " It shall be made known all over Berlin, that no person whatever, shall lend you either money or goods, under the penalty of 100 ducats.

2. " I absolutely enjoin you never to enter the house of any foreign ambassador or minister ; nor to have any kind of communication with them whatsoever.

3. " Whenever you are admitted to my table, finding the rest of the company in good humour, you are carefully to avoid displaying the face of a Cynic ; but rather endeavour to maintain and encrease their hilarity.

" These

" These are the essential points which I have to prescribe to you. If you are prudent enough to resolve upon the fulfilling these conditions, I shall entirely forget your past errors. Lastly, I pray God to take you into his holy protection." Under this, the king himself wrote :

" If you wish to serve hogs in preference to great princes, as you have expressed yourself, you will find sufficient employment in Westphalia, without my assistance. Go—you are a worthless individual;—If I extricate you from the misery, in which your follies and extravagancies have plunged you, it is merely through pity; for you deserve to be shut up between four walls for ever.

FREDERICK."

Berlin, 24th July, 1744.

After

After the end of the seven years war, Pollnitz was appointed manager of the royal theatres and had still frequent access to the king, who loved to entertain himself with him, though he never honored him with his confidence. He once supplicated his majesty for an addition to his salary : in answer to which, the king sent him a few bushel of oats, which he ordered to be thrown about his apartment.

The king's conduct, when heir apparent, was always very noble : those who knew him in those years speak of it with rapture. His deportment, dress, and actions, indicated the future great king. The attention with which he conducted his regiment on review days, before his father, was always signalized;
and

and as the companies marched by, he remained at some distance, in a respectful attitude, watching his father eyes, who, when he was satisfied, would call the prince, and salute him.

The officers of the regiment de Golz (which the prince afterwards commanded) at present under the command of prince Ferdinand de Hause, used formerly to wear their uniforms embroidered with gold. The prince asked permission to wear silver in future; which he obtained. When the new uniforms were finished, the prince invited the officers to assemble on a meadow near Ruppın, where frequent entertainments were prepared for them. Here they found a heap of faggots burning, they therefore seated themselves round the bonfire, and took refreshments, which were presented to them. As soon they began to be merry, the prince said: " Well, gentlemen,

men, since we are all assembled together, I think we may as well shew the last honor to the uniform of de Golz." In saying this, he began to strip, and threw his coat and waistcoat, together with his hat, into the fire. All the officers were obliged to follow this example, whether they were willing or not:—but the joke did not finish here; for the prince took a penknife, and began cutting the cloth of his breeches from the lining, and made a similar sacrifice of that, in honor of the former commander. This caused no small confusion among the officers, for none of them could have foreseen the fate of their coats, much less that of their breeches. However, they were obliged to follow the prince's example, although many of their linings were not in the best condition. On the opening of this extraordinary scene, shame and confusion appeared in many of their faces; but after a few minutes consternation,

nation, this strange phænomenon became reconciled to their ideas, and evaporated in a general laughter. Having enjoyed this joke for some time, the new uniforms were produced, and distributed properly among them.

Frederick always behaved towards his mother with the most filial attention, as was witnessed on public occasions, and festivities at court. Nor did he ever forget the respect due to his father, though he was often treated by him with the greatest severity: of this the history of Brandenburg, issued from his royal pen, furnishes us with the most convincing proofs—as likewise does the following anecdote :

The king hearing that an old invalid lived at Potsdam, who had served in Frederick the first's reign, he ordered his
chamberlain

chamberlain to send for him. The monarch received him very graciously—enquired after many circumstances, campaigns, and battles, where he had been present; under whose command he had served; and many other particulars.—The old man gave very satisfactory answers; which induced his majesty to continue the conversation. At last, the honest invalid became so free and talkative, as to begin of his own accord, in the following manner: “I shall relate to your majesty a pretty joke.” At the time of your father’s being prince, I served as ordnance to him.—One day he took a journey to Potsdam, in company with the duke of Dessau—On the road near Zöhlandorff, they found a cowherd sleeping among the cattle, and began to divert themselves with cutting off the cows tails.—“Oh! said the king,” looking very serious, “that is a falsehood.” Then, calling to the chamberlain, he
ordered

ordered the old man ten dollars, and walked away; leaving the poor invalid in great confusion, who, doubtless, would have been more fortunate, had he been less forward.

Nothing ever put the king more out of humour, than a circumstance being made public, which he wished to keep secret. In the year 1756, just before the seven years war broke out, a serjeant of the first battalion of guards, solicited the king for leave to visit the place of his birth in Westphalia. "No, my son," replied the king, "this is not a time for going home—we are soon to march." The serjeant had no sooner withdrawn, than the king heard high words passing among the life-pages in the antichamber. He approached the door, and overheard their conversation. "Well, and where does the king intend to march," said one

E of

of them. " Without doubt towards Silesia," answered another. " Ha! how you are mistaken," replied a third; " I know better than you all—We are going to Saxony." At that instant the king threw open the door, and said, "*No—We are going to Spandau.*" He really sent this last page, who had named the march, to the said prison for a short time:—no doubt for having abused the royal confidence.

His majesty revered the memory of the great elector, Frederick William, and held him for the greatest prince of his house. When the ancient cathedral church was pulled down, and the coffins removed to the new one, erected in the pleasure garden, the king desired that this grand prince's might be opened. He went there accompanied by some of his adjutants. The elector was seen laying
in

in the coffin, dressed in his electoral cloak and ornaments, according to the fashion of his times—the ruffled neck collar; a pair of large fringed gloves; yellow boots; and a large perriwig. His face was still easy to be known. The king fixed his eyes on him for a long while, and every one seemed to be lost in awful contemplation. At last the tears of sensibility started in the monarch's eyes, and roused him, as it were, from an abyss of solemn reflections on futurity. Taking the elector's hand, he said to the by-standers: "Gentlemen, he did great things!—shut the coffin."

There are many instances of the unusual powers of memory which the king possessed: from among which, I will instance a few for the readers satisfaction. In a district of the Prussian dominions in Westphalia, the subjects are obliged, ac-

cording to ancient custom, to pay annually certain sums of money to the bailiwick to which they belong. Some of them are obliged to walk thirty or forty miles to pay this money; which, of course, takes them from their occupations at home. —These difficulties caused many heavy complaints: and a plan was at last resolved on, by which, the subjects should buy themselves free from the imposts, with a sum proportioned to the interests or payments. A great number of persons avoided the annual imposts, by paying a larger sum at first. Every one of such cases was laid before the king, for his approbation. Just before the breaking out of the war in Bavaria, respecting the inheritance of succession, a similar case was laid before the king; but he wrote in the margin: “What is to be done with this money?” This question could not be immediately resolved, since, at that time, the army broke up, and all

was

was in a kind of disturbance. After the end of this war, another similar case was laid before him—and he again wrote in the margin: “ I have once before asked, to what use this money is to be applied ? ” To observe among a thousand other things of great importance, such a trifling circumstance, bespeaks, undoubtedly, the strongest and most faithful memory.

During the review of the troops in Prussia, the king was accosted by an old woman; who prayed, that her son in the regiment of guards at Potsdam, might have leave to come and visit her. His majesty answered: “ That cannot be done.” As soon as he returned to Potsdam, he told the soldier, his mother desired to be remembered to him; and assured him she was in good health. The year following, being again in Prussia,

and seeing a woman approach him, he immediately recollected his former visitor; and, without waiting for her to speak, assured her of her son's welfare, and that he would be happy to see her at Potsdam.

After the battle of Leuthen, a great number of Austrian officers, taken prisoners, were presented to the king. He conversed with many, respecting their parents, grandfathers, and relations; and enquired after so many particular circumstances, that all those on whom this honor was conferred, were amazed, and at a loss to comprehend, how the king could possibly come to the knowledge, of what they themselves, though immediately concerned, had no remembrance of:—and they went away full of admiration of a monarch, who was their greatest enemy.

Before

Before the king came to the crown, and in the beginning of his reign, he was very fond of monkies; and kept some in his apartment, peculiarly dressed, to which he gave different names. These creatures listened to his voice, and obeyed his commands; but never minded any of the royal servants. One of the monkies accidentally getting loose, crept under a covered table. The king, supposing he was in the antichamber, opened the door, and called out—"Well, will his majesty's counsellor come forward!"—A chancery clerk, having some papers to deliver, happened to be in the said antichamber; and, supposing himself called, approached with many reverend bows. The king, somewhat surprised at this man's appearing, said, "I did not mean you—however, let it be so; you shall be a * king's counsellor.

One

* This rank is often conferred as mere title.

One day, while the king was looking out of the window, he heard a noise behind him ; and saw, through the opening of his arm, the page in waiting take his snuff-box from the table, admire it some time, and at last open it and take a pinch. He did not disturb him ; but shortly after shut the window, took the box in his hand, and asked the page if he liked it. Struck with the question, he hesitated to answer : but the king repeating it, he at last said, with a tremulous voice—" Yes." " Well then, take it," replied his majesty, " it is too small for two."

The king was not very fond of granting patents of nobility ; for he valued the ancient nobles, who had furnished him with so many brave persons, and which rank he wished to see restored to
its

its original lustre. He therefore seldom ennobled any other persons but officers of great merit. During the seven years war, his nobility had been so much decreased, that it was impossible to fill all the vacant commissions with noblemen; and the commanders in chief were under the necessity of employing serjeants, and inferior officers, in lieu of them. These were mostly dismissed at the end of the war, and employed in civil affairs: but such as were particularly recommended by their generals, remained in their military stations, and were ennobled by the king.

On the review of a certain regiment, the king met with an officer who was not a nobleman. He therefore said to the general—" You must endeavour to get rid of this man, he is not a nobleman." —" If your majesty is pleased to insist that such officers of merit should be dismissed,

missed, my regiment will not in future be able to conduct itself with its wonted bravery." " Well then, he must be ennobled," replied the king---and granted him a diploma free of all expence.

A certain person boasted, of having rendered important services to the king ; and desired to be elevated to the rank of a nobleman. The king wrote on the margin of the petition : " On ne devient ennobli par la plume, mais par l'épée." —*It is not the pen, but the sword, that ennobles us.*

The king did not like double, or compound names. / One day an ancient nobleman prayed his majesty, to permit him to add a lady's name to his own, who had left him all her fortune. His
answer

answer was : “ This man has one name already—therefore another would be of no service to him.”

Though our hero, during the middle and latter part of his life, displayed the philosopher, yet he was often so strongly prejudiced in favour of nobility, that it might justly be esteemed a weakness. As king and politician, he stands justified : but, as citizen of the world, his conduct in this instance is doubtless exceptionable.

During one of the annual reviews, the king happened to ask an officer his name. After hearing it—“ Oh, you are not a nobleman,” said he. The officer replied, with great calmness—“ The emperor Rodolphus the second, has already inflicted a penalty of ten marks sterling, on every one who should dispute my nobility.”

nobility." "*Your humble servant,*" rejoined the king—" *I am rather too poor at present :*" and rode off full speed.

An old officer applied to the king for permission to wear again the order, *De la générosité*, which he had obtained from Frederick William: but which had been abolished by his majesty. The king wrote under his petition—" For what I care, you may wear all the abolished orders."

In one of the battles, during the seven years war, an officer of the dragoons signalized himself in the king's presence, with extraordinary bravery. His majesty sent him the order, *Pour le mérite*, as a reward for his actions. But when the officer, being possessed of no fortune, heard,

heard, after the first emotions of joy, that he was to pay ten ducats to the secretary of adjutantship, he sent the order back, with thanks and excuses, in behalf of his poverty, which made it impossible for him to pay the sum required. Soon after, he was ordered to the king's tent. "Here," said his majesty, "are an hundred ducats," pointing to a table, "and here is the order—chuse which you please." The officer laid hold of the money. "You have no honor in your veins," said the king, and sent him away. In the war, for the succession of inheritance in Bavaria, the same officer engaged his majesty's attention again, on a certain occasion, and obtained the order for the second time. When he made his acknowledgements, he mentioned his former mistake, and said—"he then accepted the order with the greatest pleasure, since he was in possession of a company,

pany, and, of course, able to pay the usual expence of the same."

In the seven years war, at the time, when the landgrave of Hesse Cassel joined the army, the king issued several orders against plundering; and even inflicted the punishment of death on every one, without the least regard to rank, or person, who should be convicted of such like offence. The landgrave's men were either ignorant of these orders, or supposed they did not concern them: therefore, they surprised the inhabitants of a small village, and forcibly took some horned cattle from them. In order to conceal their prey, and the better to avoid suspicion, they covered it with horse cloths, on which were embroidered the landgrave's arms, with the motto—" *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" The king happened to meet the procession, and immediately

diately discovered the affair: shaking his head, he said to his attendants, with a smile, "I cannot take notice of this, for there stands, plainly written—*Evil be to him that evil thinks.*"

In one of the forced marches, during the same war, the king rode beside his cavalry, and heard a trooper, at a very little distance, make a horrid noise with cursing and swearing. He immediately rode up to him; and heard him exclaim, among many other shocking oaths, "I wish this damned sort of life at an end." "You are very right, my boy," cried the king,—"I wish the same—but what can we do?—We must have patience until it is peace." With such lenity did the king behave to his soldiers, although they deserved to be reproached—nay, even punished. This accounts, in some measure, why the Prussian troops surmounted

surmounted the greatest dangers, and gained the most glorious victories under such a leader as Frederick, justly called the great.

When, in the year 1762, the king stormed the hills of Burkersdorff, he happened to meet a wounded musqueteer. "How is it?" says the monarch.—"Thank heaven," replied the soldier, "all is well—the enemy are flying, and we are conquering." "Thou art wounded, my son;" said the king, "there is something to dress your wound," reaching him his handkerchief. "I do not wonder," said Ezernichef, who rode by his majesty's side, "that you are served with so much zeal, since you treat your soldiers with so much tenderness."

On

On a certain review, the king perceiving an officer with a large scar in his face, said—" *That is, doubtless, a bottle stroke.*"—" Yes," replied the officer, " the tavern was near Leuthen,* and your majesty filled the glasses."

One of the king's treasurers petitioned to have restored to him, a certain allowance of wine, which he had in the late king's reign, but of which he had been deprived by his present majesty. The answer he received, was this :—" No, no wine;" " my treasurers must keep sober." This expression, in the original, is in rhyme.

F

At

* The place where a famous battle was fought, as before mentioned.

At a review, the king asked general de Koschenbar, whom he held in great esteem, "where he lived." "In the Cloister street," answered the general—"It is a melancholy quarter; for the chimes are continually playing psalms or hymns, in long tedious dismal tunes." "Well," replied the king, "order them to play you something merry in future." From that time, till the nobleman's death, they always played minuets, cheerful airs, and lively songs.

Before the seven years war, the king, one day, paid a visit to a general's lady, who kept some tall handsome men in her service. "*It is a pity,*" said his majesty to his attendants, "*such fine fellows should wait on a woman.*" Some of them replied, "It needs only your pleasure, fire,

fire, to have them yourself." "Yes," said the king, "*but such a thing should be done with the utmost discretion.*" —

The day following, all the streets in Berlin were invested with patroles, taking up young shopmen, hair-dressers, servants from behind carriages, and carrying them to different guard-houses. The citizens were all surpris'd and terrified at these violent proceedings. Nobody was seen in the streets; the houses were shut up; and great complaints resounded from all quarters. When the king heard of what had pass'd, he flew in a violent rage, gave immediate orders for all the people to be released, and caus'd it to be published with all speed, that no person need be apprehensive of similar commotions in future, since this had been carried on entirely against his will and knowledge. This affair gave him so much pain, that he frequently declar'd it the unhappiest day he had known in his whole reign.

Many may perhaps remember, after the second Silesian war, there was a great misunderstanding between his majesty and the famous field marshal, count de Schwerin; in consequence of which, the latter retired to his estate; where he remained, without seeing his regiment or the court, a considerable time. At last the king wrote to him, and asked whether he had entirely forsaken Berlin. The count considered this as a command which he was obliged to obey, and went there immediately. The late chamber huffar, Tauber, related the first meeting between these heroes, in the following manner:—Schwerin went at eight o'clock in the morning to the king's antichamber, and said to Tauber, "Good morrow, my son," "is the king dressed, and in his apartment?"—"Yes, your excellence." "Is he in good humour? or have you discovered

discovered symptoms of ill temper in his countenance?"—"Not in the least: I am going to serve him with coffee." "Then tell him, I am here," said the count. When Tauber announced the field marshal's arrival, the king made no reply, but took his flute and walked about the room, playing for a full quarter of an hour; then throwing aside the instrument, he put on his sword, and bid the count to come in. Tauber opened the door, and beckoned him to approach. As soon as the king saw him, he said—"Good morrow, Schwerin: *How do you do?*" and then made a sign for Tauber to retire. But he remained at the outside of the door, and soon heard the conversation become very loud; and at last so very violent, that he began to apprehend the worst of consequences. But soon after, their voices became more moderate, and at last quite low. The door opened—Schwerin bowed with a se-

rene aspect ; and the king said, “ *I shall expect your excellency at dinner to day.*”—
In this unaccountable manner, happened the reconciliation of these two great men.

General de Buttler, having served in the king's guards as colonel, took his dismissal as general, in consequence of his bad state of health, and retired to a small city, called Ziesar, to spend the remainder of his days in quiet and repose. It was the custom of the swineherd, in this place, to blow his herd together on the break of day, just opposite the general's dwelling, whereby he was disturbed daily, in the most disagreeable manner. The general gave orders to the man to blow at a little distance from his house ; but the headstrong fellow maintained, it was his duty to assemble his herd at the usual spot, and no where else. The general

neral then applied to a magistrate; who returned for answer, " That he hoped the general was not come there with an intention to infringe on the established rights, customs, privileges, and freedom of their city: it being an old custom for the swineherd to call his hogs together at that place. He hoped the general would consider the matter properly, and let it rest there." He did consider it, and ordered his valet de chambre to welcome the swineherd next morning, with a good horse-whipping, in order to weaken his inclination for disturbing him in future. The valet executed his command with the utmost precision, and the affair was made actionable. The magistrate, highly offended, applied immediately to the king for his decision: observing, at the same time, that by similar violences, the rights and privileges of their city were materially injured.

The

The king wrote under this representation: "*You are all a set of villains.*"

—And to general Buttler, the following letter:

" My dear general,

" I am very sorry you are retired to a spot, where, even the swineherd will not let you live in peace. You might have found a better place in my dominions: but, for the future, I have taken care you shall not be disturbed.

FREDERICK."

In the year 1778, an honest citizen of Berlin, wrote to the king, that he was born in the same year with his majesty:—and, notwithstanding all his industry through life, he had not gained sufficient to enable him to have his house repaired, which threatened to fall on his head. He therefore prayed, since the king rebuilt
many

many houses, he would be pleased to include his in the number. His majesty, pleased with the man's frankness, complied with his request, though at that time, no money had been assigned for building houses.

In the king's guard there was an auditor, who was a great favorite of his. One day he ordered, that the baggage should pass through the battalions. The auditor had slept too long, therefore, neglected the proper time to bring it through, which displeased his majesty very much. The same orders were issued for the next day; and the auditor, being more careful, got the baggage through at the right hour. The king rode up to him, and said: "Well, sir, why should it go better to day than it did yesterday?" "Please your majesty, the disposition to
day

day was more favourable." The king smiled, and left him, saying, "*mi Domine! mi Domine!*"

To reward a particular major for his bravery, the king conferred on him, the order *Pour le mérite*. The major returned thanks, but added the words: "It cannot avail me." "Well then, you shall have a governor's place." "Your majesty is too gracious—it cannot avail me." "Then you shall enjoy a yearly pension."—"I humbly thank you, sire, I do not deserve so much favor—it cannot avail me." The king was now silent. When the major had taken his leave, he said, to those present: "I know not what this man would have: what in the name of sense can be given him, that *may* avail him?" It was then explained to his majesty, that the major had the ill habit of adding to every phrase he uttered, "It cannot

cannot avail me." "*I should have known that before,*" replied the monarch, "*for indeed I have given him too much.*"

During the Bavarian war of succession, the king was so much pleased at the prudence with which the young prince (now reigning king) had commanded the corps entrusted to his care, that in returning from Bohemia, his majesty went to meet him, and received him with a very serene countenance, saying: "From this hour, I no longer consider you as my nephew." But seeing the prince surprised at this address, he added: "I look upon you as *my son*—you have done every thing that might have been expected from the most experienced generals!"—And embraced him with the utmost tenderness.

The king was always very anxious to make some sort of provision for his invalids;

valids; for he greatly valued the services they had done their country, and wished to reward them as much as possible. On the directory general's enquiry, in 1753, whether the clerk* of the gate at Dar-desheim, called Werner, should be dismissed for his ill conduct. The king wrote on the margin of the representation: "*Old soldiers, who have shed blood in the service of their country, should not be turned out in this manner.*"

One time the king stood godfather to a general's child. The clergyman who christened it, only made use of the following expression: "Since it is required that christians children should be baptized, I do therefore, in performing the holy ceremony, give the name of Frederick

* An officer of the customs, who gives and receives the cockets for commodities which pass through the gates of the city.

rick to this infant, and baptize it in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: Amen." The king was so pleased with this conciseness, he said to the minister:—"I shall remember you." Which he soon proved, by promoting him to a station as considerable as it was profitable.

A lieutenant of the cavalry, obtained leave to take possession of his father's estate. He was a very good manager; built his own house; cultivated his land; and established a colony on an almost barren ground. By degrees he built forty houses, which, together with a small garden and field, he settled on his new inhabitants, for an hereditary rent. Various manufacturers came to settle on this spot: the houses encreased, and the whole colony was soon in a flourishing state. The king, always attentive to the proceedings

proceedings of his subjects, soon came to a knowledge of this, and sent this useful and industrious vassal an invitation. " I hear," said the king, " you are a great œconomist. Pray is it true, that you have established a colony?" " Yes, your majesty: I found on entering the premises, the spot well adapted, and which I could not have employed so well for any other purpose." " How many houses have you built?" " Out of my own purse forty: but at present there are different persons who have established themselves there, at their own expence." " Whence did you furnish all the timber?" " From my own forest, sire." " Could the forest bear it?" " Yes, your majesty." " Whence did you get your subjects?" " They consist chiefly of Saxons, and other foreigners." The king looked very well pleased, and clapping him on the shoulder, said: " Well done my dear N***: how much may the whole have

have cost you?—Why did not you apply to me for assistance?" " I wanted but little ready cash—and did not know whether I should succeed. Reckoning the timber and its carriage, I may have expended some thousands; but this capital bears already its interest, and my revenues have since considerably increased." " Well, your disbursements shall be repaid you," said the monarch. Not long after, this nobleman received an assignment, of the king's own hand writing, for the sum of 12,000 rix dollars.

Mr. Dekker, metropolitan in the army, lately deceased, was in high favour with the king; insomuch, that he took great liberties when his majesty jested with him. One day as he was walking, seemingly buried in thought, he drew the king's attention—who rode up to him,
and

and said, "*Where do you come from?*"

"From visiting the sick, your majesty."

"*Oh! pray go and visit my mare; she is very bad.*" "With all my heart,

fire." The metropolitan kept his word, and went immediately to the stables; made a minute enquiry into the disorder of this favorite animal; and advised the surveyor of the stables in what manner she might probably be cured. He afterwards went to the king's paymaster, and desired payment of the following note:

"Received from the royal treasury this day, the sum of one hundred dollars, for a visit to his majesty's sick mare—as also for having administered good and wholesome advice on the occasion: wherefore this discharge is humbly and thankfully given in full of all demands.

DEKKER, Field Metropolitan."

The

The paymaster, struck with such an astonishing demand, carried the receipt to the king—who frowned at first; but soon after smiled, and said: “ *This may pass for once, and you may pay the money; but do not let him come a second time.*”

At a personal interview between the king and the emperor, the former conducting the latter up stairs, he refused to walk before. Both stopped, neither willing to take the lead. At last the emperor said, “ Oh, sir! if you choose to begin manœuvring with me, I shall get the worst of it, and be obliged to go wherever it pleases you.” And thereupon walked before.

It would be doing injustice to the great Frederick, to accuse him of having been fond of the cruelties of war—which he

G

ever

ever held in abhorrence. When count de Sekkendorff came to Berlin, to implore the king's assistance against the enemies of the unfortunate Charles VII. the monarch was deaf to all supplications. On the parade, he pointed out a regiment to the count, which had suffered very much during the first Silesian war, and said : " Look there what the war has cost me ---this regiment has lost above half its number. Shall I again expose my subjects to the danger of being massacred in in so horrid a manner ?"

During the king's long reign, he had experienced so many impositions from all ranks of men, that it is no great matter of surprise that in the latter part of his life he grew very suspicious, and imagined he was deceived by every body. Returning from a review, which had drawn an uncommon concourse of people together,

together, one of the princes, who rode by the king's side, asked—"Please your majesty--In what manner do you suppose that all these people maintain themselves?" The king replied, "*They cheat one another---but I am cheated by all.*"

His majesty suspected particularly, that the commissaries of stores and provisions, who served during the seven years war, had all defrauded him without exception. The widow of one of these, humbly represented to the king, that her husband was dead---and having always acted in his service with honesty and uprightness, he had not been able to save any thing; consequently had left her in miserable circumstances. His majesty wrote on the margin of the petition—" *I tied the ass to the manger---why did he not feed better?*"

Most heroes, in ancient and modern history, found a pleasure in shewing themselves in what they shone most. Frederick was one of the greatest among them: but his more tender heart preferred the softer arts of peace. His natural bent was towards philosophy:—he abhorred the shedding of human blood: and, after the battle of Leuthen, which was so glorious to him, he said, on beholding the spot of contention, in a moving tone, and with glittering eyes—
“ *When shall I see the end of my sorrows.*”

A candidate for holy orders, from the county of Thuringia, came to Berlin, with the hope of obtaining a livelihood there, by the instruction of youth. He left his own country, to avoid being forced into a marriage with a woman he disliked.

disliked. His whole fortune amounted to no more than 400 rix dollars, which he brought with him in Batzen (a small coin), which the King of Prussia had prohibited in his dominions; when he was therefore searched at Berlin, his money was taken from him. He pleaded ignorance of the prohibition, but all in vain. After many fruitless endeavours to recover it, he was at last persuaded to apply to the king. Accordingly, he drew up a memorial, and, without a farthing of money, as soon as the city gates were opened, sat off for Potsdam. He was so fortunate to see the king in the palace yard, manœuvring his troops. After which, his majesty went into the garden, and four officers only remained in the yard. Perceiving the poor fellow stand in a very humiliating position, with a paper in his hand, they went up to him, and enquired his business: which, when he had communicated, they told him the king was

unusually gracious that morning; and advised him, by all means, to follow him close, assuring him of success. He thanked them; but was seized with such an uncommon fear, at the idea of speaking to a king, that he had not power to advance, and the officers were obliged to drag him into the garden, as it were, by force. They found his majesty talking to the gardener, with his back to them. Stopping at some little distance, one of them, in a low voice, commanded the young man what to do, in the following manner :

Your hat under the left arm.

Right foot foremost.

Breast forwards.

Head higher.

Paper in your right hand, thus—

And away they all walked; turning their heads very often, to see whether he remained in the same position. They had
scarce

scarce left the garden, when his majesty turned and perceived this extraordinary statue ; which had such an uncommon appearance, he could not refrain from laughing ; but sent the gardener for the paper, and walked away with it. Shortly after, he returned, beckoned the poor candidate to approach, and addressed him in these words :

“ Dear Thuringer,

“ I find your intention for coming to Berlin, is to instruct youth ; and that you have been deprived of your money by my officers of the customs. Make yourself easy—it shall be returned to you *cum interesse*. But, my good man, it is dear living at Berlin : before you can be acquainted, and get into employment, your money will be exhausted—and what are you to do then ?” The poor stranger’s respect, being too great for him to reply—his majesty, to give him confidence, asked

asked him several questions concerning the university where he had studied ; and also, the different professors names. But the young man continued stupidly silent : he therefore left him, and ordered a chamber huffar to take him into an elegant apartment, and let him have a good dinner, and plenty of wine. This was a most welcome order, for one who had not tasted bread for twenty-seven hours. While he was enjoying this unexpected meal, one of the king's secretaries brought him a letter, which he was to take to the custom-house at Berlin ; and gave him, at the same time, five and twenty ducats and one Frederick d'or, to defray his expences. Having delivered the letter, he received the full value of his Batzen coin, and forty dollars, which his majesty had ordered besides. Being once more in possession of his money, after returning thanks to the king, for his particular kindness towards him, he bid adieu to
 Berlin,

Berlin, and returned to Thuringia—persuaded that it would be better for him to marry a woman that he was not fond of, rather than endeavour to hazard the getting his bread in a strange country.”

C A B I N E T O R D E R S .

“ Well beloved private state ministers, de Coceji, de Broich, and d’Arnim—It cannot but be recent in your memories, how many serious ordinances and regulations have been made, respecting the abridgement of tedious law-suits; which are destructive to the subjects of all states. But being almost daily convinced, by sad experience, that notwithstanding all my regulations, no real justice is to be found in the country, which groans under the protraction, owing to the chicaneries of attornies, &c.—I do herewith, once more, most graciously command you to take into your serious consideration, an affair
so

so important to the kingdom in general, as it is salutary to every individual in particular; and to endeavour, in every chamber of justice, that such unalterable regulations shall be formed; that, according to circumstances, all law proceedings shall, without any ingenious procrastinations, or unnecessary delays, be justly and truly decided in the space of one year. I rely entirely upon you; and hope, that after mature consideration, you will devise such means as shall fully answer the intended purpose.

I am, your affectionate king,

FREDERICK."

Berlin, January 14th, 1745.

" It having been represented to his majesty, our gracious king, by d'Ukermann, captain of the guards, that the
serjeant

serjeant at law of the court of justice in
 Pomerania, has commenced an action
 against him, respecting a piece of wood-
 land, situated near and belonging to his
 estate of Roggow: which has been in the
 possession of him and his ancestors for
 these ninety years past.—But since, by a
 late particular ordinance, his majesty has
 positively declared it absolutely against
 his royal will, that any of his subjects
 shall be prosecuted by the chicaneries of
 lawyers, or tired out with tedious suits at
 law: the directory general is hereby gra-
 ciously ordered, not only to acquaint the
 aforementioned court of justice, that the
 process in question shall be entirely
 quashed; but also to make it known, by
 circular mandates, to all war and domain
 departments, that, for the future, the no-
 bility, gentry, and all individuals, enjoy-
 ing certain territories or privileges, of
 what description or denomination soever,
 shall never be disputed them by the Offi-
 cium

cium Fisci, under any pretence; but, on the contrary, they shall be effectually protected in their lawful possessions.

FREDERICK."

Berlin, 28th January, 1747.

To the Directory General.

Potsdam, October 24th, 1755.

" Well born and beloved,

" Having seen by your letter of the 22d instant, with as much surprise as concern, that your husband, my beloved and faithful lord chancellor, baron de Coceji, is dead, I do hereby graciously and sincerely condole with you on this loss; which, in consideration of his great merit, is irreparable to me in particular, and to the country at large. You may be assured, I shall ever revere his memory, and take pleasure in all opportunities of rendering you and your family service;
who,

who, as well as yourself, may rely on my favor and protection. Being resolved to perpetuate the memory of your husband, by erecting a marble statue to him in the college yard at Berlin, you will oblige me by chusing one of his best portraits, and delivering it for a short time to Mr. Adami, the royal sculptor, for the intended purpose.

I am your gracious king,

FREDERICK."

To the widow of the Lord Chancellor
de Coceji.

" My dear lord chancellor de Jar-
riges,

" In reply to your report, made the
23d instant, I must confess that all your
reasons therein mentioned, respecting the
citizens law suit who were burnt out at
Frankfurth,

Frankfurth, which has been protracted these three years, cannot take away the idea, how unpardonable it is that such poor people, who can neither live on their destroyed estates, nor devise means for a re-establishment, are, as it were by force, and through the chicanery of the law, reduced to beggary. This is not the only case so shamefully delayed—but many others are come to my knowledge; therefore, it is incumbent on you to introduce better methods, by which the proceedings may be effectually shortened, and made less expensive to the parties: as also to inspect the different colleges: and in case any of the judges, or counsellors should be found guilty of neglect, in similar matters, to make a proper example of them.

I am your affectionate king,

FREDERICK."

Potsdam, Sept. 24th, 1767.

A lady

A lady, much in debt, brought a complaint to the cabinet, that her creditors would make her pay interest for the time granted her for liquidation. His majesty returned the following resolution.

“ Well beloved,

“ As much pity as your circumstances, related the 23d instant, did excite, as little am I capable of protecting you from your creditors, in the manner you require. The time granted you for paying your debts, does not in the least annul their claim of legal interest; on the contrary, it makes the obligation self-evident; and from which you cannot possibly be released by me, nor any court whatever. Neither birth, rank, nor fortune, have the least interest in matters of justice.

I am unalterably,

Your gracious king,

FREDERICK.”

Potsdam, October 27th, 1772.

“ Right learned, beloved, faithful :

“ Did all German poets paint with as much taste as yourself, in the pieces you have sent me; and did the same genius and understanding prevail in their writings, as adorn the two small collections of letters you have added, I, as a father of my country, should soon see my paternal wishes fulfilled, and German literature, in point of dignity and elegance, equal any other. Your three works open to me this pleasing prospect—You have my entire approbation, which, I hope, will animate you to farther exertions of beautifying and bringing to perfection, the language of our mother country.

I am your gracious king,

FREDERICK.”

To the master of arts and
corrector, Moritz.

The

The king once, in a journey to Westphalia, changed horses at Schauen, the district of which is independent, belonging to the lords de Grote. The then professor, received his majesty with this compliment: " That he was rejoiced to see him on his territories, &c." The king smiled, and said to his attendants: " Voilà deux souverains qui se recon-trent."—*See here is a meeting of two sove-reigns.*

A very young graduate, just come from college, applied to the king, by a formal petition, for a very important supervisor's place, just then become vacant. His majesty, being much displeased with the youth's assurance and self-conceit, wrote under the petition, instead of any positive answer: " 2 Samuel,

H

chap:

chap. x. verse 5." Which the young man found, on inspection, to be:—" *Tarry at Jericho till your beard is grown, and then come again.*"

The king's undaunted spirit, and indifference in manifest dangers, were certainly as extraordinary as all his actions in general. Very early, and even before this great man had been used to the least dangers of war, his intrepidity shone on many occasions. Among others, he went one day, during his first campaign, on the borders of the river Rhine, to reconnoitre the defiles of Philipsburgh; and, riding through a thin wood, attended by a large suite, the cannon balls accompanied him the whole way, and shattered many trees around him; yet the monarch kept on his slow pace; and the hand which held his bridle, did not betray the least fearful motion. Those who watched him,

him, with anxious glances, on so trying an occasion, observed on the contrary, that he calmly continued to converse with the generals around him, who admired his courage, in this visible danger, with surprise and admiration.

In the year 1782, some mines were blown up near Potsdam, in the king's presence, which had been laid the autumn before, in order to know whether the gunpowder would keep the winter. The effect answered every expectation: but the officers were not a little alarmed, when on the explosion of the grenades, with which one of the mines was filled, a piece of lead of half a pound weight, struck the king's right thigh, who was close by on horseback. His majesty soon released them from their fears, by saying, with his usual calmness and indifference: "*It is no consequence, I shall only get a black and blue mark by it.*"

At one of the reviews before the Hallegate, his majesty rode in a district where there were a number of sand pits: his horse happening to stumble, his hind legs slipped into one of them, and the monarch would certainly have been thrown, if a citizen had not immediately hastened to his assistance. Instead of betraying any signs of fear, the king, smiling, called out, "Halloo!" and said to the citizen, "I am very much obliged to you friend."

In a journey to Silesia, the king's coach overturned into a morass; he, neither terrified nor displeased, only said: "*This is a very bad road.*"

To mention all the instances of fortitude which this great monarch shewed, in a life full of glorious actions, would
be

be an impossibility: we will therefore content ourselves with what has been already said.

A soldier of the first battalion of life-guards, possessed the king's favor to such a degree, as to be permitted to enter the royal apartments without the least ceremony. He frequently made use of this liberty in order to ask for money, which he was always in want of, as he lived a very irregular life: when the king told him he had none, he would say, "Come, come, no doubt you have a few ducats left in the leather purse." And he generally obtained his wishes. This soldier once, when on duty, used ill language to his officer, who threatening to have him put under an arrest, the soldier presented his musket with the bayonet fixed, as though to push at him, yet remained at some distance from him. On this, the

officer had him arrested ; and informed his majesty, who ordered him to be tried by a court martial. He was capitally condemned ; and the king confirmed the sentence, without uttering a word. Every one expected the prisoner would be pardoned : he himself was by no means to be induced to prepare for death ; and gave proofs, while leading to the place of execution, that he was certain of pardon. However, for the maintenance of true subordination, it was not granted, and he was shot.

The rector of St. Nicolaus, at P——, was a rich and avaricious man. It was well known, at weddings and christenings he used to send abundance of provision home by his servants. When the king had the parsonage-house rebuilt, the rector, S***, applied to him by petition, to have two beaufets made for him on the ground

ground floor. His majesty, who permitted every one to contrive the inside of his house according to his fancy, as long as the outside was agreeable to the plan he proposed, was very much displeased that such a rich man could not make so trifling a thing without troubling him. He therefore wrote under the petition: " You do not know me yet, if you suppose I will build you caves to conceal your prey and plunder in.

FREDERICK."

General Walrawe, who was condemned to be confined for life in the citadel of Magdebourg, wrote a petition to the king; which the commandant really caused to be presented, for the sake of its peculiarity. It consisted only of the 88th *Psalms*. His majesty immediately had the 101st *Psalms* written to him for an answer.

Professor

Professor Eberhard, of Halle, was some years ago appointed, by the upper consistory, preacher at Charlottenburg. The townsmen, who had fixed on another person, protested against Eberhard to the consistory, because he had written the apology for Socrates. This objection was considered as insufficient; and they were ordered to submit. On this they represented to the king---that they could not think of trusting the care of their souls to a man, who had affirmed, that the cursed heathen Socrates was saved. —His Majesty, who was sorry to hear the worthy philosopher cursed, wrote to them in reply: “ *I insist on Socrates’ being saved ---as also on Eberhard’s becoming your preacher.* ”

FREDERICK.”

Thus, by the same cabinet order, Eberhard was confirmed in his office---and Socrates in his salvation.

Colonel

Colonel Senning, who was tutor to his majesty in geometry fortification, &c. was one of those who was favored with particular friendship. During the misunderstanding between the king (when prince) and his father, honest old Senning became involved in his master's fate—for which, Frederick, when he came to the throne, made him full amends, in a manner peculiar to himself. Age, and infirmity, prevented him from going to the campaign in the year 1740; but he received uninterrupted marks of remembrance and favor from the king—and in May 1741, the following letter, dated from the camp near Brezest, also:

“ Dear old honest Senning,

“ I thank you for the interest you take in the occurrences with which fortune has favored me. You have some reason to feel for my account---for you know how much I am your friend. It is an old saying,

saying, that peace is the cause of war-- but it is a more true maxim with me, that war promotes peace. After this last battle, I am of opinion, that the Austrians are incapable of continuing the war : and, as far as I can judge, I shall soon embrace you as a peaceable inhabitant of Charlottenburg, or of Rheinsberg : and assure you, *viva voce*, how much esteem and real friendship I entertain for you. Farewel, my dear Senning.

FREDERICK."

The king permitted this favorite to live in the royal palace of Berlin : and continued his true friend till his death.

From these earlier and happier days of the king, may be dated his friendship for madame de § Camas. The following

§ Afterwards countess, whose maiden name was de Brand-- a lady adorned with a noble heart, and great understanding. She was principal governess to the king's mother ; and was born in the last century.

ing letters, which he wrote to her, are both humourous and interesting; and likewise prove the monarch's amiable disposition:

Neustadt, 11 Nov. 1760.

“ I am very punctual in my answers you see, that your curiosity may be satisfied. What strange revolutions are produced by age. These four years past I have abstained from all kind of suppers; since they do not agree with my profession, or rather the manner in which I live according to my profession; and, during our days of marching, my whole dinner is a single dish of chocolate. Believe me, I lead such a miserable life, as no person but don Quixote ever did before. These irregularities have made me look so old that you will scarce know me again. On the right side of my head the hair is turned grey; my teeth break to pieces, and begin to loosen; my face is as full of wrinkles as a petticoat is of quilting; and my

my back is vaulted like a monk of la trappe. I tell you all this beforehand, that in case we should see each other again in flesh and bones, you may not be surprised, nor take offence at my figure. The heart only remains unalterable—and shall, while I breathe, preserve sentiments of esteem, and the most tender friendship, for my dear mother. Farewel.

FREDERICK."

Nov. 27th.

You see, dear mother, with what an active zeal you are served. Herewith you receive the snuff. At present we are employed in arranging our winter quarters. I have yet to make a short journey; and then intend to take some rest at Leipzig, if it is to be found there. Rest is to me but a metaphysic word, without reality. Between ourselves, my dear mother,

ther, the life we lead is literally worse than that of a dog--but no notice must be taken of it. Farewel. Remember me often.

FREDERICK."

Nov. 31st.

It must be confessed, dear mother, that you have had great experience, and I congratulate you on your knowledge, of the *dropsy*. The accident you mention, is almost a daily one. There is no court, nor even convent, where the like does not happen. I, for my part, who am rather indulgent to the foibles of my own sex, cannot throw stones at the court-ladies who bring children, God's own creatures, into the world. They propagate the human species : and dark-looking politicians destroy the same by unhappy wars. I must confess that, to my ideas, those too-tender-hearted damsels, are far preferable to those dragons
of

of chastity, who treat their equals with a merciless severity, for having yielded to a temptation by which themselves might have been subdued, had they been put to the trial---and to those scolding gossips, who are generally void of mercy, and full of malice. Pray let proper care be taken of the child's education; and, in such a manner, that the family may not be exposed to the censorious tongue of slander. The poor girl shall withdraw from court, so as not to be noticed; and her reputation saved as much as possible. —We are likely to have peace, my dear mother: and I purpose to enjoy a good laughable tête à tête when I shall have the happiness of seeing you again. Adieu my dear mother—I embrace you.

FREDERICK."

Meissen, 20th Dec."

Herewith, my dear mama, I send you a bagatelle, by which you may remember me. You may use this box, either for
rouge,

rouge, beauty spots, snuff, sweetmeats, or pills: to whatever use you put it, do not forget, on the sight of this dog, the emblem of faithfulness—that he who sends the same excels all the dogs in the universe, in respect to his attachment for you; and that his devotion for your person has nothing analagous with the frail matter fabricated here. I have bespoke china for every body: for Schönhofen, for my sister-in-law; in short, I am rich in this frail merchandise; and hope that those who are to receive it, will take it as ready money: for alas, dear mother, we are but poor devils; having nothing left but honor, swords, and china. Farewel. If it pleases heaven for me to behold you again face to face, I shall repeat verbally what is here written—but let me manage how I will, it will never be in my power to express what my heart feels for you.

FREDERICK."

From

From head quarters at Bettlern,

8th June, 1762.

I am very well convinced, my dear mother, that you are sincerely concerned in every thing that befalls us. The worst is, that we were so much behind hand, as to stand every way in need of good fortune, to recover ourselves, and make peace with the two powers; which is of the utmost importance; which at any other time would have been sufficient to restore general tranquillity, but produces at present no other benefit than to finish the war in a less inglorious manner. I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that heaven may preserve you many years; that I may have the pleasure of seeing, hearing, and embracing you once more. In all appearance, you will soon be peaceable inhabitants at Berlin; but with regard to us, we shall probably be obliged to fight till all the fire of nature is extinguished.

guished. It must, however, finish at last; and the only agreeable prospect which peace opens to me, is to assure you, *viva voce*, of the great esteem with which I remain, my dear madam,

Your faithful friend,

FREDERICK."

June 27th,

" I am rejoiced, dear mother, at your good temper, and advise you to increase it. Since all sublunary things must have an end, it is to be hoped, that this cursed war will not be the only thing eternally existing. Ever since grim-faced death has been so kind to take off a certain intriguing sister in the north, our situation is turned to advantage, and proves far more tolerable than it was before. You speak of Berlin: I wish very much to be able to conduct you
I thither,

thither ; but if so, 'tis not my will that you should be settled, like the birds on a twig—but that you may remain there with all due honor and dignity. Therefore, I wait the period, in which this matter will be fixed on a firmer basis, in order to acquaint you with it. If the issue proves honorable, I shall thank heaven, that we may once more embrace, my dear mother. Yes, I say, embrace—for in this world you have no other lover but me. You cannot make me jealous : and in return for my constancy and faithfulness, I have a right to claim a kiss for my reward—therefore prepare. Finette may say what she pleases ; nay, fret herself to death ; for since her duke's deceased, she gets no kisses. Farewel, dear mother, pardon the poverty with which I write. I banish all chagrin when left alone to love you, and enjoy the pleasure of entertaining myself with you.

FREDERICK."

Peterf-

Peterswalde, 19th October.

“ I wish to take a fortified city every day, my good mother, for the sake of receiving your charming epistles; but blockheads of commanders are often the cause of my losing one in a dishonourable manner: and though there may be emperors who wish me well, yet——But you may judge in what situation I find myself. If our emperor was still in being, we might probably enjoy peace before the end of the winter; and you might return, full gallop, to your sandy paradise at Berlin. But the public, who commonly love to flatter themselves beforehand, thought, without foundation, that peace must necessarily follow the taking of Schweidnitz:—perhaps, you might have been of the same opinion; on the contrary, it appears to me, that our enemies have not yet the least desire

of reconciliation. Judge then, whether it would be prudent to return to Berlin, on the hazard of flying to Spandau on the first alarm. You mention the poor Finette: alas! my dear mother, for these six months past, I have not lamented the dead so much as the living. Our life is a miserable one—not worth regretting the loss of. I wish you much patience, and all the happiness this poor world can yield: but, above all, I wish the preservation of your good temper; the only great and real good which fortune can bestow upon you. As far as I am concerned, my old friendship and esteem shall never cease.

Adieu, dear mother.

FREDERICK."

Leipzig, 22d Jan. 1763.

" Fifty-one years, my dear mama, are no trifle; it is almost the whole stock of
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the distaff of madam Clotho, who spins the thread of our lives. I thank you for interesting yourself in behalf of an old friend; in whose sentiments, neither age nor absence has made the least alteration; and who hopes to see you at Berlin (to speak poetically) before Flora has embellished the earth with her flowery presents. And if I sincerely rejoice at seeing any body in the metropolis, it will be you alone: but take no notice—This is not poetical, but literally true. May heaven protect your days, and shower its blessings on you, as much as your virtues deserve. May we meet again in health and happiness; and may your friendship be ever preserved for me; which I shall endeavour to merit by an inviolable attachment for you, my dear mother, till envious fate cuts the thread of my life.

FREDERICK."

Dahlen, 6th March, 1763.

“ We shall meet again, my dear mother, at the end of this, or beginning of next month. I hope to find you as well, and good tempered, as when we parted. You will find me grown old, nearly childish, and grey as an ass: I almost daily lose a tooth, and am lame with the gout: but you will excuse the infirmities of age, and we shall converse about past times. Our good marquis Baireuth is dead—I sincerely lament his loss. We must sacrifice our friends; and our enemies remain to eternity. Alas! how I dread to see Berlin, and the devastations there: but my thoughts shall be confined to you alone.

Farewel, dear mother,

FREDERICK.”

2d June,

2d June, 1763.

“ Your letter and remembrance, my dear mother, gave me real joy ; as they were certain proofs of your better health. I am assured that you are in no danger, and that you will shortly recover. Let me recommend you to take the air frequently, which will revive your blood, and re-establish your health. You know my old heart remains always the same, and is entirely formed for loving you, as long as its motions are vibrated by the string of life. Take as much care as possible of yourself, and do not forget me. I lament that you are not here, though you are certainly right to spare your person. In fact, it would not be in my power to enjoy much of your charming company, if you were here; for we are nearly in the same bustle, as if it were a general convocation of the members of
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the whole Roman empire, surrounded with thirty princes and princeesses. Besides, my weak state of health prevents my being present at all the feasts—it is only on great solemnities that I appear; and in the intervals I endeavour to enjoy some tranquility. The old baron ridicules my lame legs, and has ventured a running match with prince Henry; but as for me, creeping very slowly with one leg, like a tortoise, I am a spectator of their feasts, like a paralytic at the ballet of Dennis. When my old legs will permit me to climb up the stairs of the palace, leading to your apartment, you shall see the eldest of your adorers.

FREDERICK."

The king made a point of behaving civilly and graciously to every body; whereby he prepossessed all hearts in his favor.

favor. It was always his custom to acknowledge every one who saluted him in the street, by taking off his hat in a very friendly manner. One day, at dinner, his majesty observed, " that he was almost obliged to carry his hat in his hand, whenever he went into the public streets of Berlin." Baron de Pollnitz replied: " He need not pay every body the compliment of taking off his hat to them." "*Pray why not, my dear baron!*" rejoined the king, hastily—" *They are all men, as I am.*"

The well known Hobitz, conversing once with the king, respecting the duchy of Silesia, assured him, that the house of Austria had always taken little notice of it, and that, as late as the time of the emperor Charles the sixth, it had been held in very little estimation. His majesty made answer: "*Then I have done exceeding well to take it from them.*"

During

During the celebrated battle near Soor, the Austrians took the king's equipage. When this was reported to him, he said, laughing, "*Surely they will have no great opinion of my state and splendor.*"

After the battle of Leignitz, the king entertained himself frequently with Sir Andrew Mitchell, the English ambassador. Among other important subjects, that of Providence, and its influence on mens actions, was discussed. As their opinions differed in some point or other, Sir Andrew, at last exclaimed, with some vivacity: "Your majesty may rest assured, all occurrences in this world, happen by the predestination of Providence: and I have observed, whenever it projects affairs of importance, your majesty is employed in the execution of them."

When

When Frederick returned from his well known banishment in Custrin, to Potsdam, and was to appear for the first time before his royal parents, he was dressed in a very simple suit of a miller's colour. A sword was offered to him; but he refused it, saying: "*He who took the sword from me, shall give it me again.*"

At carnival time in Berlin, the king used to have many public characters brought before him. One day a young man was announced, who had his hair dressed in a new and very singular fashion; but as soon as he perceived the person opening the door, he shut it immediately, without speaking to him, feigning that this man's figure had terrified him. The following day, he said to his generals: "Oh heavens! how terribly

ribly was I frightened yesterday,"—and gave them a description of the young man's dress. "*Take particular care,*" continued he, "*that my officers do not see him: but much more so, that they do not take him for a pattern.*"

The king honoured Voltaire on many occasions. About twelve years ago, his tragedy of *Zara* was represented by royal command, at the theatre in the palace at Berlin, by French comedians. His majesty being present, said at the close, in a kind of rapture—" *I would give all my victories to write a second Zara.*" After Voltaire's death, the well-known engraving, *L'apothéose de Voltaire*, stood framed and glazed always on the king's writing desk.

The king was as much prepossessed in favor of French jewellery, as of French writings.

writings. It is said, he imbibed this prejudice of count de Rothenburg, who made him believe the French artists had something peculiar in their works, which was almost inimitable. He made his majesty a present of a curious snuff-box, pretended to have been made in France; which he was much pleased with, and wore continually. One day happening to let it fall, unfortunately a cornelian broke; he mentioned the unlucky circumstance to one of his confidants, who said it might be easily repaired. "Pshaw!" answered the king, hastily, "such things cannot be done here." The other assured him, he knew a man at Berlin who was fully qualified for that purpose; and offered to get it done properly. When the box was shewn to the artist at Berlin, he immediately said it was one of his own making: which he proved very satisfactorily. He soon repaired it in such a manner, that the damage could not in
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the least be perceived. When the confidant carried the box to the king, he seemed very much pleased, and said: "I could not have thought it." But when he heard of its being originally made in Berlin, his countenance changed, and he said, very coolly: "*Indeed!—Then I will make you a present of it: for it is of no use to me any longer.*"

The king gained the battle of Soor, through the sacrifice of his baggage. In the evening when he would have supped, no provision could be found. At last, after many fruitless searches, two bottles of Hungarian wine were discovered; and shortly after, two loaves of black bread, very stale, which a soldier possessed. He was offered a ducat for them; but refused, saying, "he could not eat money."—Being told the king had nothing to eat, he was persuaded to give part of a loaf for a ducat;

ducat : and, in order to know the truth, followed the buyer at a distance. The king ate the bread with great appetite ; and, enquiring where it had been procured, the soldier was introduced. His majesty thanked him, and ordered him to ask a favor—he begged for a constable's place, and obtained it, for having appeased the king's hunger.

When the city of Custrin was bombarded by the Russians, the king hastened to its assistance, but arrived when it was almost reduced to ashes. His army halted one day's march from the place, and he taking a ride to the unfortunate city, met a man and his children, each carrying a small bundle. Being wrapped up in his cloak, he stopped them, and asked from whence they came. They informed him of the fate of the city, in which they bore a part. The king was
so

so much affected, that he forgot he was incognito, and exclaimed—" *My children ! I could not come sooner, or this misfortune should not have happened—have but patience, and I shall cause every thing to be rebuilt.*" In Golzow he found count de Dohna, and asked—" *Well, how do the Russians stand?*" " *Like walls, fire*"—" *Good :*" replied the king, " *they'll fall the better.*" He then took a short view of the troops quartered there; and seeing them finely dressed and powdered, he said—" It is true these soldiers are finely powdered, and look exceedingly well. I have brought some, who do not make the same appearance; but they have been very much used to the smell of *gun-powder*. On his arrival in Custrin, he took a walk on the walls round the city; from whence he saw, that almost every building had suffered in the bombardment. He shrugged up his shoulders, and repeatedly exclaimed———" *Murderous incendiaries !*

Bloody

Bloody incendiaries!" From thence he went to the Kirschberg batteries, where he found the commander, who wanted to make long excuses in his behalf: but the king cut him short, and said—"Never mind: it is not your fault, but my own, for having appointed you a commander—You may go, I do not want to hear any more of you." He then ordered a telescope to be brought him, with which he reconnoitred the Russians. "Their whole strength may be about 80,000," said he; and then enquired, very minutely, after the situation of the country around; from which he judged the city might have been better defended. The rebuilding it cost him many millions.

The king was exceedingly fond of native and foreign fruits; and had them nursed in his garden with great expence. At Sansfouci he used to watch the trees

K himself;

himself; mark the finest and ripest fruit; and order it either for his own table, or to be made a present of to such persons as he mostly esteemed. One remarkably fine day, very early in the year, his majesty asked the gardener why the orange trees, &c. were not brought into the air. "No, sire," replied he, "before Pancratius and Servatius are past, I can do no such thing." "Nonsense!" said the king—"Pray what are those fellows to me? I order you to bring the exotics into the garden"—the man obeyed. Soon after, there happened a few cold and frosty nights, which greatly injured the trees. His majesty, on seeing this, said to the gardener, "*Your Pancratius and Servatius are certainly in the right—for the future, I must pay a little more respect to those gentlemen.*"

One day the king finding a Dutch merchant in Sansfouci garden, went up to him,

him, and asked if he wished to see it. The merchant, not knowing the king, replied, "He could not tell if it would be permitted, as he understood his majesty was in the garden." "Ob," said the king, "*follow me, I will conduct you.*" He shewed the merchant every thing that was curious; and asked his opinion of many of them. After having seen all he could, he took out his purse, and offered the king something to drink his health: "*We dare not take money,*" replied the king, "*for if my royal master was to hear of such a thing, he would be very angry.*" The merchant then thanked him for his politeness, and took his leave. In going out he met the gardener, who asked him his business. The Dutchman related what had happened; and boasted of the great politeness of the other gentleman who had shewn him the garden. When he heard it was the king himself, his

astonishment may be easier conceived than described.

It has been before remarked, that the king did not admire the works of Prussian artists, at least if he knew them to be such. One time colonel Quintus presented him with an admirable picture, by an artist born in the Prussian dominions. On the first view of it, the king was much pleased: but hearing who was the painter, he said, "I do not like it, take it away." The poor man on seeing his picture returned, was so much enraged, he threw it in the fire. Soon after, his majesty wanting a piece as companion to another, and recollecting the picture Quintus had presented him with, he said, he wished to purchase it, "That is impossible," replied Quintus, "if you would offer any money for it."—"And pray, why?" "because the painter has burnt it, since he was
not

not so fortunate as to please your majesty."

" *Well, well, that I call caprice Quintus.*"

" Yes, sire, though a German artist, he is possessed of Italian caprice."

The king once taking a morning's ride, remarked to the general who attended him, " That he did not remember when he was so perfectly well as at that time, which he intended to enjoy as a holiday."

Scarce had he finished speaking, when a swarm of countrymen and other supplicants, surrounded his horse with petitions.

" Heavens!" said the king, " it is impossible for me to enjoy one hour's quiet!

Pray leave me at rest for one day, and carry your petitions to the cabinet counsellor." A farmer and his wife answered,

they had been there. " Well," replied the king, " then *I* cannot help you."

" Come along, wife," cries the farmer, " let's be gone—does not thou see that

he and the cabinet counsellor are all at one game?"—His majesty laughed heartily at this blunt expression, and received all their petitions.

Among the king's guards, there was a tall fine looking soldier, named Calabria, who was so much in favor as to be permitted to have free access into the palace. Seeing his majesty one day in very good humour, he said to him—"I have spent so many years faithfully in your service, and was in your regiment when you was only prince—pray, your majesty, since you have given so many orders away, do be so kind as to bestow one on me also." "Oh, yes," replied the king, "you shall have one immediately." He then sat down to his writing table, drew a hare with his pen, with this inscription: "*Calabria princeps leporum.*"—Or, *Calabria, prince of hares,*" and gave him this paper for an order.

order. The soldier held this remembrance of the king's humour in the highest esteem; wore it always in a gold box, and shewed it with much enthusiasm.

One time the king rung his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the antichamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to wake him, he perceived a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited his curiosity and attention: he drew it out, and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance in sending her part of his wages: for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued his faithful service to God and his majesty. The king walked softly back to his apartment, fetched a roll of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into his pocket again. Soon after, he rung the bell so hard, that
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the page awoke, and made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the king. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession; and, in his confusion, putting his hand into his pocket, he felt, with the greatest surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, trembling, grew pale, and stared at the monarch with tears starting from his eyes, and unable to utter a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Alas! your majesty," sobbed the page, falling on his knees, "my ruin is intended." I know nothing of this money. "Why," said the king, "*whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping.— You may send it to your mother with my compliments, and assure her, I will provide for you both.*" The unexpected joy this gave the page, is beyond description. This very scene has produced a comedy, entitled, *The Noble Youth*, by professor Engel.

During

During a winter that the king resided at Berlin, he observed in a garret, within view of the palace, a light burning early in the morning, and late at night. On enquiring who lived there, he was informed it was a poor industrious cobbler. He thereupon ordered him into his presence; and asked him why he worked so hard? "Please your majesty," replied the man, "I have a large family to maintain; and though I work day and night, it is with much difficulty I can earn a subsistence: add to which, I am indebted for some leather, and expect every day a summons before the justice." The simple tale of poverty was never told in vain to our noble hero: the present one was sufficient to raise all the feelings of his truly generous soul—and by the gift of a few hundred dollars, he raised the poor cobbler beyond the happiness of a kingdom.

Colonel

Colonel Muller, whose opinion the king always consulted in the most important undertakings, generally used the following expression, whenever he wished to persuade his majesty. "It will do, sire, you may believe me, for my genius tells me so." Just before the beginning of the battle of Rosbach, the colonel, having received a charge of the highest importance, by concealing his batteries under tents, according to the king's plan, his majesty called out to him: "*Well, what says your genius colonel—will it do?*" "It must, your majesty; my genius promises a complete victory." Every body knows the event; whereby the Prussians obtained a conquest so glorious, that it stands unparalleled in history.

At the siege of Schweidnitz, the king took it in his head to be blooded in the
open

open field; and accordingly desired a surgeon might be sent for. When he came, the monarch dismounted, pulled off his coat, sat down on a little hill, and the operation was performed. Immediately, a large bomb fell by the king's side, and spattered him and the surgeon all over with earth. The latter took to his heels, and left his majesty bleeding; who still kept his seat with the utmost calmness. He called after the surgeon to return, and bind up his arm; but the poor fellow hesitated so long, that the king was obliged to add some severe menaces, before he would come. "*Your heart is not in the right corner, I perceive:*" said the king, "*Dress my arm.*" The half dead surgeon obeyed, as well as his trembling limbs would permit; and the monarch mounted his horse, and rode off, as if nothing had happened.

Not long after, one of his pages, riding by his side, had his horse killed under him,

him, and he fell with his ribs on the pommel of his sword, so that it was quite bent. In his pain he attempted to run off—but the king cried out, “*Halloo! what are you about, sir—will you please to take the saddle with you?*” The page was obliged to ungirt the saddle, although, at the same time, the shot whistled plentifully round them both.

A grenadier of the first battalion of guards at Potsdam, standing centry one day in the royal gardens, his sweetheart came to see him. They were toying together, when on a sudden, the girl gave a horrid scream, and ran off. The surprised soldier looking round, was much more terrified than his mistress, when he saw the king close behind him. In his tremor and confusion he shouldered his piece; and, endeavouring to face-about, turned two or three times round on his heel,

heel; and at last rested his arms.—

“ *What have you been about, fellow,*” said the king, “ *have you forgot my commands?*”

“ For God’s sake! your majesty,” stammered the trembling son of mars, “ do not tell my captain; for he would have me flogged to death, if he knew it.” His majesty smiled at the man’s downright simplicity; and doubled his pay out of his privy purse.

The abbot Bastiani, who has been mentioned in the first volume, dined one day with the king; when, among other curiosities, a fountain with scented water was put on the table; but, notwithstanding all the pains that could be taken, it would not play. The king at last said: “ Never mind it”—and thus the fountain was entirely forgot. All at once it began playing: which made his majesty smile, and say to the abbot: “ *Supposing*
this

this had happened in a catholic country, would it not have been declared a miracle?"

Bastiani, shrugging his shoulders, replied:
 "Hardly, in your majesty's presence."

When the Austrians took Breslau, the abbot was made prisoner; transported to Vienna; and soon after, shut up in the cloister of Franciscans, a few miles from thence. On the king's claiming him, he was set at liberty; and, at their first meeting, the monarch said—" *Your name will stand recorded in the Martyrologio Baruffico.*"

Some time after, Bastiani fell under the king's displeasure; and having nothing to reproach himself with, he imagined it might be occasioned, perhaps, by his hardness of hearing. However, on the king's annual visit to Breslau, he attended

tended the court as usual. At one of the levées, his majesty asked him, *en passant* —“ Etes vous encore sourd ? ” —“ *Are you still deaf ?* ” Bastiani replied : —“ Je ne l'étois jamais sire, a vos ordres. ” “ *I never was so, sire, to your commands.* ” The king bid him follow him into his cabinet; made him a present, and treated him as graciously as before.

Bastiani was of low extraction; a taylor's son at Venice. It is said, that at a public table in the princess Amelia's palace, this noble-minded abbot has related it himself, and even boasted of it. Cardinal Zinzendorff, having received orders to reside at Berlin, Bastiani accompanied him thither; where he had the good fortune to become acquainted with his majesty, who sent him on a certain business with the pope, to Rome. The manner in which he executed his commission, procured him the king's favor;

favor; and by degrees, all the dignities with which he was invested. He was frequently invited to Potsdam, and often received presents from the monarch. Once he sent him a very elegant snuff-box, with a quantity of Spanish snuff, which he used himself: and wrote to him in this manner—“ *Although the enjoyment of every thing relating to the senses, was forbid the Roman catholic clergy; yet he hoped smelling was excepted.*” Bastiani was always attached to the king. In Vienna, he declared at a public dinner—there was not one drop of blood circulating in his veins, which did not belong to his majesty. When his royal friend left this worldly stage, on which he acted so considerable a part, the abbot was so much grieved, that he grew weary of his life; insomuch, that he carried the use of medicine, and abstinence from all kind of nourishment, to an improper excess.

Baron

Baron Pollnitz complained one day to the king—that beef was very bad, and exceedingly dear, at Berlin; entirely owing to the neglect of the police.—“ My turkies are in the same case, very lean, and difficult to be had;” said the monarch. Pollnitz took notice of this, and endeavoured to procure a very fat one—which he at last did, and sent it to the king, with this card: “ Sire, un coc d’Inde.”—“ *Sire, a turkey-cock.*” The monarch immediately caused a very lean ox to be bought; ordered his horns to be gilt; and sent him, by a couple of butchers, to the baron—with the following words: “ Pollnitz, un boeuf.”—“ *Pollnitz, an ox.*”

Once as the king was looking out of window, at the palace of Potsdam, he
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saw a crowd of people assembled together, reading a paper that was stuck upon a wall : he sent one of his pages to read it likewise. And on being informed, that it contained reflections on the prohibition of coffee—he ordered the page to go and have it stuck a little lower, that it might be read the easier.

As the king was walking, very early one morning, in the garden of Sanssouci, he found the gardener's boy very busily employed. "Thou art at work very early," said his majesty. The lad, who was newly taken into service, not knowing who it was that spoke to him, answered—"Yes; one is obliged to be at it : for my master says, 'If the *old bear* rises, and does not find every thing 'in order, we shall have nothing but 'grumbling.'" "*Well said, my boy,*" rejoined the king, laughing, "*only stick*

to these sentiments, and you will always do well." This great monarch put up with the appellation of *old bear*, very patiently, and proceeded on his walk.

It is well known, that card-playing and hunting are two of the most usual diversions of a court: but Frederick, whose chief pleasure was to improve his mind, disliked both, particularly the latter. His opinion respecting this kind of amusement is recorded in the following words, which reflect new lustre on his noble character:" "Hunting," says he, "is a diversion that puts the body in violent motion; but leaves the mind a void. It is an unfeeling passion to chace a poor animal, and a most cruel joy to kill it. We men are often more ferocious than savage beasts; and are apt to abuse the power which the great Creator of all has given us over them, in a tyrannical manner. The only distinction between man and

brute, is reason; but our great sportsmen care for nothing besides horses, dogs, and the poor animals, the innocent victims of their pleasure. This naturally renders them cruel and hard-hearted; and makes us afraid of similar usage towards mankind—for whoever is fond of torturing a poor dumb creature, can never feel any real compassion for the fate of his fellows. Hunting, in general, is not a commendable diversion for a sensible man. It would not be reasonable to exclude a monarch from all earthly amusements: *but what can give a sovereign greater pleasure, than to govern well; to make his dominions flourish; and to promote the success of arts and sciences, by yielding them proper assistance.* That monarch who delights in other pleasures, is really to be pitied.”

One day a general, who was much in debt, dined at the royal table. The king

king knowing him to be a little extravagant, said, all on a sudden—"My dear general, I believe you are involved in a great many debts?" Rejoiced at this question, and in great expectation that his majesty was going to pay them all, he began to enumerate them one after another, till the monarch interrupted him in this manner: "*Pray, dear general, taste these melons, do—I can assure you they are super-excellent.*"

The bishop of Ermeland, lost great part of his revenues on the king's taking possession of some of the Polish dominions. In the year 1773, when he waited on the king, at Potsdam, his majesty said—"Can you possibly love me?" The prelate answered: "That he should never lose sight of the respect due to his sovereign." "I am your very good friend," replied the monarch, "and rely on your
L 3 esteem.

esteem. Should Peter, hereafter, refuse me entrance into paradise—I trust you will be so kind to carry me there, unobserved, under your cloak.” “ That would be very difficult,” said the bishop, “ your majesty has pared away too much of it, for me to hide contraband goods under it.” The king smiled: and however sensibly he felt this cutting reply, he rather chose to let it pass, than interrupt the social conversation of his friends; besides, he held the bishop in great estimation.

On another occasion, his majesty asked the bishop: “ Whether it was true; that both the confederate, and nonconfederate Polanders, wished a hundred thousand devils had him.” The prelate was at a loss for a reply; but the king, insisting on his answer—he said: “ Respecting the hundred thousand devils, sire, I can say nothing, with any certainty; but,

but, that they have often talked about a *thousand* devils, I can affirm by the *Agnus Dei*." This answer pleased the monarch so much, that he laughed heartily.

A person who had been *running-foot-man* to a rich count, and had amassed a deal of money, applied to the king for the title of counsellor of court. The king returned his memorial, with this single word. "*Run!*"

Some time after the seven years war, the king, travelling through his dominions, made a short stay in the capital of the dukedom of Cleves, in Westphalia; and ordered the president of the royal domain chamber there, a Mr. von Bessel, to lay the state of the revenue before him; on the perusal of which, he found

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considerable sums had been annually paid to the cloister of the Minorites, near that place, out of the royal forest revenues. The monarch, very much surprised at this, desired notice might be sent to the superior of the brotherhood, that he would wait on him at a particular hour, in order to enquire into the business. At the appointed time he went thither with his suite. The monks were arranged in two columns, and sang the ambrosian panegyric—After which, his majesty enquired of the superior, for what purpose they received so much money out of the above revenues? “Sire,” replied the superior, “they are legacies of the deceased dukes; for which we are obliged to celebrate masses, that their souls may be delivered out of purgatory.” “*Poor cousins! they are a long while purifying,*” said the king, “*are they not soon to be released?*” “It is impossible for me to tell,” answered the superior, “but as soon
as

as it happens, your majesty may depend on my dispatching a messenger immediately to inform you of the joyful event."

The monarch laughed, and said to von Bessel: "*We can do nothing with this fellow, for he has studied among jesuits.*"

The king disliked all ceremony; and avoided it, as much as he could do consistently with good manners. On his accession to the throne, he was obliged to have homage done him at Konisberg, in Prussia. Going thither for that purpose, he took with him the marquis d'Argens; in order to instruct him in the usual ceremonies, as he had already seen them performed in France. On the day appointed for the homage, his majesty wore a small gala sword; and was going to mount the throne, on which he was to appear, in this manner. D'Argens reminded him, that he should have an imperial

imperial sword, which was the proper one for such an occasion. Accordingly, he borrowed a regimental one, of an officer near at hand, and the ceremony was performed. After which, the king enquired of the marquis, if he had gone through the business cleverly? "Oh, yes," replied d'Argens, "but I know one who did it better." "*Pray who was he?*" said the king. "Louis the fifteenth, Sire." "*And I*" proceeded the monarch, "*know one that surpassed him.*" "Who could that be?" asked the marquis, hastily — "Baron, *the famous French actor,*" said the king.

The king knew how to excite the admiration and esteem, even of those generals who fought against him. In the year 1757, the Austrian express, which carried the general field guard master's patent to the famous warrior Laudon, fell

fell into the hands of the Prussian hussars. The monarch immediately dispatched a messenger, with the patent, to the general; and congratulated him on his exaltation.—And in the year 1770, at the interview between the king and emperor, the general attending on the latter at the same time, his majesty made him a present of a beautiful horse, with superb bridle and saddle, accompanied with an obliging letter.

It came to the king's knowledge, that a corporal of his body regiment, a fine young fellow, wore a watch chain suspended from a leaden ball, merely from a wish to appear consequential.—His majesty, wanting to be convinced of the matter, it was so settled, that the corporal could not fail meeting him at a particular hour. "*Ab! corporal,*" said the monarch, "*you must be a brave fellow,*

low, to have saved a watch out of your pay."

"I flatter myself that I am brave, sire," said the man, "but the watch is of very little consequence." The king taking out a gold watch, set round with diamonds, said: "*My watch points at five—how much is your's?*" Shame and confusion appeared at first in the poor corporal's face; and, however unwilling he might be to boast at that moment, he drew out his chain with the bullet, and answered, with a firm voice—"My watch, your majesty, shews neither five nor six; but it points out to me, in the clearest manner, that death which I am ready to die for my king at every moment." The monarch replied: "*In order that you may see daily, one of those hours in which you are to die for me—take this watch.*"

It has been before remarked, that the king used frequently to jest with his favourites,

vourites, and how graciously he always took their repartees, though often very severe ones. His majesty once ordered a snuff-box to be made, with the picture of a droll monkey on the lid; which he presented to count Schwerin, on purpose to hear what he would say. The count humbly thanked him, and seemed rejoiced at the present; but as soon as he rose from dinner, he immediately dispatched a messenger to Berlin with the box; ordered the monkey to be taken out, and the king's portrait to be put in it's place: which was done with such expedition, that he had it returned the following day on which he again dined at court. During dinner time, the count frequently took snuff, and played with the box; till at last his majesty took notice of it, and said: "*I am sure that box pleases you.*" "Yes, sire," replied the count, "particularly as your highly revered picture adorns the same." The king,

king, somewhat startled at this reply, begged a sight of the box. On seeing the alteration, he was agreeably surprised, and said: "*Your thought was an ingenious one, and does you great honor.*" A few hours after, the king called the count into his closet, made him a present of a box much more brilliant, with his picture on the lid, and said: "*The portrait on your box is not well done; here is one with a much greater likeness.*"

The states of Valangin had deposed a reformed preacher, for having preached against the eternal punishments of hell. He applied to the king, who immediately issued a cabinet order to reinstate him; and to observe more toleration for the future. The states protested against it; pleaded the privileges of their constitution; in short, totally refused, though in respectful expressions, to obey, since the people would not listen to any thing relative

lative to a cessation of the punishments of hell. The king, who did not wish to infringe their ancient privileges, returned the protest ; after having written the following decree under it :

“ Si mes sujets de Valangin veulent etre damnés éternellement, je n’y trouve rien à redire.” “ *If my subjects of Valangin will insist on being damned eternally, I have nothing to say against it.*

FREDERICK.”

In one of the king’s journies, he met a man before the gate of a small city, who made him many reverend bows. “ Who are you,” said the monarch ? “ Please your majesty, I am the burgomaster, and inspector of the manufactures in this town.” “ Aye : and pray, how many are there ?” said the king. The man enumerated them all, with an assurance of their being in the most flourishing state. I am glad of that, proceeded his majesty : but how many threads

threads are usually taken here in the warp, and how many in the woof? This question came upon the learned inspector quite unexpectedly; and being too technical for him to understand, he was quite confounded. The king saw his confusion, and said, "*You are a fool, sir: and I advise you in future to inspect your manufactures better.*"

In another town, the king enquired of a burgomaster, how many manufactures there were in that place. The man being unfortunately hard of hearing, and perceiving the monarch looked with a smile at his wig, which was dressed in a very comical stile, he answered, with many bows and scrapes, "Three, your majesty: one black; one flaxen; and one entirely white. The first belongs to the inspector; the second to the senator; and the third to your majesty's most humble servant."—The king laughed heartily, and ordered the coachman to drive on.